

IN THESE TIMES

The Year's Best Books
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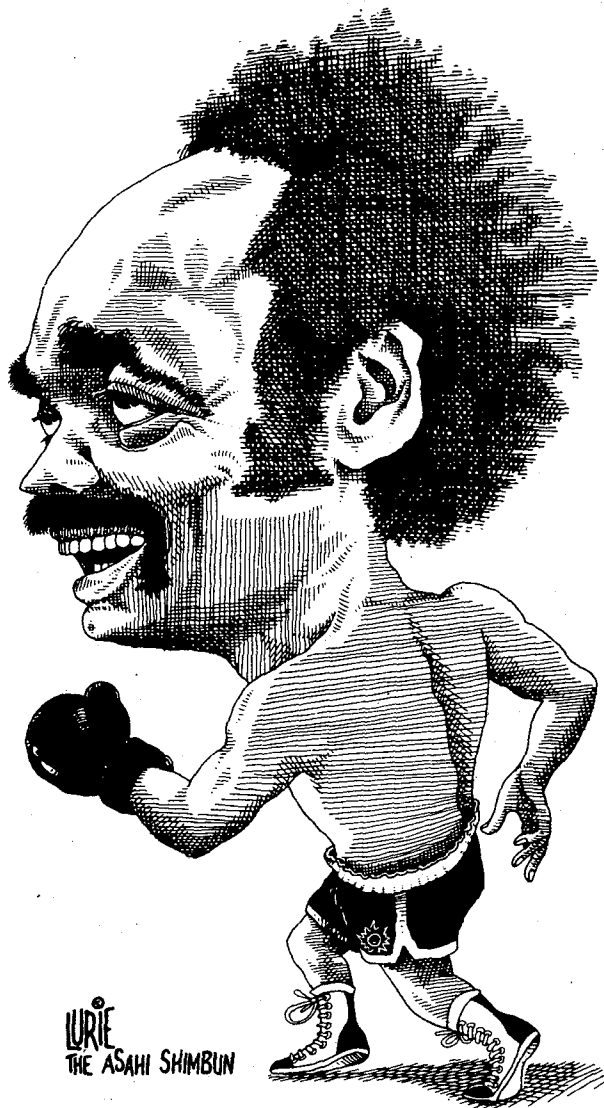
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The MAFIA and



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presence opens
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THE INSIDE STORY



Jesse Jackson ran a last minute campaign for the NOW endorsement, but didn't get a single national board vote.

Will NOW support help Mondale attract women?

By Joan Walsh

More significant than the National Organization for Women's (NOW) predictable endorsement of Walter Mondale December 10 was that the group accomplished the jump into presidential politics with no factional fights or organizational rifts. Now its task is translating the consensus apparent in the 31-6 national board vote for Mondale into enthusiasm among its members.

Endorsing Mondale was the logical outcome of NOW's rationale for entering the presidential fray in the first place: to throw its weight behind the effort to oust Ronald Reagan in 1984. Thus the decision had to pivot on the candidates' electability, despite the group's stated interest in their stands on women's issues and promises of high-level women appointees. According to conventional political wisdom, that left NOW with Mondale, since John Glenn effectively took himself out of the running last month by refusing to "advocate" homosexuality by supporting gay and lesbian civil rights legislation in Congress.

Yet significant pockets of support existed for other candidates, most notably Alan Cranston. Cranston did well in unofficial polls and straw votes prior to the final board decision, due in part to his better stands on women's issues and the loyal endorsement of NOW's powerful California chapter. But the Cranston campaign had also stumbled for the endorsement seriously, getting women supporters around the country to contact their regional NOW board members and lobby for the California senator, according to Cranston women's liaison Monica McFadden. In the end, though, the Cranston bloc gave way to the powerful logic of electability—NOW wasn't endorsing to make a political point, but to

back a winner. For now, that looks like Mondale.

Perhaps the biggest surprise in the vote was the lack of support for Jesse Jackson, who waged an intense if last-minute campaign for the NOW nod but came away without a single board vote. A *New York Times* story prior to the board meeting said the endorsement decision had become a "two-man race" between Mondale and Jackson. While acknowledging that Mondale had the edge, the story quoted NOW officials who believed a Jackson endorsement would prove the group's commitment to civil rights and anti-poverty efforts and help its stand with minority women.

But the speculation made intellectual, not political sense. Though Jackson courted NOW President Judy Goldsmith and other top officials, his campaign, unlike Cranston's, didn't reach regional board members. That was a strategic error, acknowledges Jackson supporter, California Assemblywoman Maxine Waters. "The board members are well-intentioned, but they've never come in contact with a Jesse Jackson," Waters noted. She attributes the lack of board outreach to the campaign's late start. "We don't have an already organized women's constituency within the civil rights movement," she added.

Waters was credited with lobbying NOW to back Jackson, but she says her real hope was convincing the group to make no endorsement at this point in the race, a goal shared by Dottie Lynch, Gary Hart's pollster.

No endorsement was the only realistic alternative to endorsing Mondale. Lynch and Waters supported it for obvious political reasons—one less domino in Mondale's inexorable drive toward nomination would help their candidates. But both also argued that endorsing the uninspiring Mondale won't do much to channel the existing gender gap for the Democrats or attract the new voters necessary to defeat Reagan.

"Electability is just a question of who rolls over, falls in line," Waters commented. "If women are just going to fall in line, I don't know where they'll make a difference." Comments Lynch: "The gender gap is going to be best mobilized by a candidate who presents the clearest contrast to Ronald Reagan. It's potentially embarrassing for the organization to turn its back on those candidates."

The endorsement sat even less well with the Jackson campaign. "We feel it was shortsighted," said Jackson aide Donna Brazile. "It's unfair the way people use Jesse—they tell him, 'Go, Jesse, go, raise our issues high, but we're going to support Mondale.' We can't just defeat Reagan because we say he's bad, we've got to get out and register women, blacks and Hispanics."

Mondale's appeal.

NOW President Goldsmith is understandably uncomfortable with the public perception that the group's endorsement was solely based on Mondale's front-runner status. "He has a wonderfully consistent record of public service—always strong on women's issues," Goldsmith said. NOW was also impressed by the number of high-level women in the Mondale campaign—his press secretary, comptroller, deputy campaign manager and director of delegate selection are all women. Mondale, in Goldsmith's view, was also "the most energetic and committed to winning our endorsement, which is an indication of how seriously he takes women's votes."

But she acknowledges that electability was "certainly important" in the board's decision, and she disagrees that the group should have postponed it. "To wait any longer would have been irresponsible," she argues.

"We wanted to take a leadership role, and we know how long it takes to build electoral momentum and mobilize support."

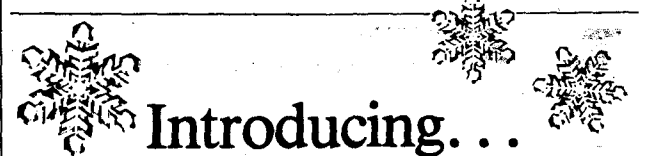
But mobilizing support for Mondale will take more than time. Mondale is a politician's politician. To pragmatic activists who look closely at his record, reasons to support him emerge; to the rank-and-file members of the liberal-left constituency whose leaders are lining up behind him, Mondale's virtues are less obvious. His Senate record was consistently liberal, and he still has points with women for his sponsorship of the groundbreaking Mondale-Packwood childcare bill. Similarly, his silence in the face of Carter's increasing social conservatism can be understood as the necessary loyalty of a vice president—by people who think in those political terms. While Goldsmith is confident NOW members will follow the national board's lead—"they're eager to be full participants in this process because they know what's at stake"—others aren't quite so confident.

New York State NOW President Theresa Bergen describes her chapter's attitude toward the presidential endorsement as "boredom." When the agenda for the last state board meeting had to be trimmed for time considerations, Bergen recalls, one of the first items to go was a presidential endorsement recommendation for the national board. "No one cared," she says. The official endorsement should spur "the more political" chapters to work with the Mondale campaign, Bergen predicts, but others will remain out of the fray.

Chapters with a preference for someone other than Mondale will face a dilemma. "The board wanted to send a clear, unmixed message," Goldsmith said. "We rejected resolutions that made positive statements about other campaigns because we have a single candidate. If there's going to be official NOW involvement, it will be for Walter Mondale." Yet some local chapters in early primary states have strong ties to other campaigns, mostly the Hart and Cranston efforts.

There may be some internal tension until the Democratic convention, predicts California political coordinator Priscilla Alexander, "but post-convention, whoever gets the nomination will get plenty of support. The chapters are united in feeling that four more years of Reagan will be disastrous."

Bergen agrees. "If we're divided, we won't get rid of Reagan." But she calls the Mondale endorsement "a passionless decision," contrasting it with the bitter internal debate over whether NOW should endorse Edward Kennedy over Carter four years ago. "People really cared then. This was purely a practical decision."



Introducing...

In *These Times*' newest staff member is Felicity Bensch, who was hired as assistant publisher and promotion director. She comes to us from California, where she was an executive at the Pacific Telephone Company.

And a reminder:

In *These Times* does not publish the last two weeks of December. The next issue will be dated January 11-17.

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Air workers give and get concessions



Eastern Airlines employees granted concessions but gained veto power on a financial restructuring program.

By David Moberg

MILITANCY AND IMAGINATIVE bargaining paid off for Eastern Airline workers, even as they were forced to give their employer a break to forestall bankruptcy. The tentative revision of contracts affecting machinists, pilots and flight attendants that was announced on December 8 gives workers and their unions more extensive rights to information and influence over managerial decisions from top to bottom than in virtually any other U.S. labor contract.

Although members of the three unions will bail out Eastern over the next year with \$292 million in wage concessions and an estimated \$75 million in productivity improvements, in return they will receive \$85 million in common stock that will give them ownership of one-fourth of the company and \$260 million in preferred stock.

In addition, workers will have effective veto power over the formulation of a new corporate business plan and financial restructuring program. To that end negotiations have already begun with banks that are likely to provide loosened terms on loans and debt deferments worth something in the vicinity of \$100 million.

In the future, Eastern's unions will not have a veto on major business strategy and financial plans as they will have this year. But they will be able to exercise influence through their right to review all business plans and major capital expenditures, using unrestricted access to corporate financial information. If the unions dissent, they can appear before the board of directors, which will have four union-appointed directors out of 21. (Two positions already existed for pilots and non-union employees, but the current agreements provide the Machinists and the Transport Workers Union, representing flight attendants, each one director.)

Union representatives will also have a voice in a variety of matters over which they have previously had little say—contracting of work, levels of supervision, design of facilities, and all company communications to employees, for example—as well as joint administration of the pen-

sion fund and joint review of benefit programs.

"We wanted to go after some form of co-management within the collective bargaining structure in this country," Machinist consultant Randy Barber said. The principle adopted by the unions, which started out working together but ended up negotiating nearly identical agreements separately, was that "if the company comes to the union and says, 'We're going to go bankrupt,' and if the union concludes this is true, then in exchange the company is going to have to give up not only some ownership rights but also some management rights," he said. "They'd better come offering something of equal value in ownership and control."

Last spring the Machinists, after reviewing company documents, concluded that Eastern was returning to financial health. They won a 21 percent pay increase. Then Eastern chairman Frank Borman returned this fall with the threat of bankruptcy if workers did not make concessions. The unions resisted, eventually forcing Borman to retract his threat and give them access to his books. (See *In These Times*, Oct. 19.)

With an unlimited right to roam corporate records, a joint study by Lazard Freres (invited by management) and by Michael Locker and Steven Abrecht (appointed by the unions) confirmed the dismal prospects. Eastern, which was already precarious because of its heavy debt load, had been hurt by collapse of the Florida tourist market over the summer, greater penetration by the new, low-cost, non-union lines and a surprisingly weak recovery of the whole industry.

Always prone to overly rosy forecasts, Eastern had been way off in predicting ticket prices and passenger traffic. If trends continued, Locker and Abrecht concluded, Eastern would have taken or been forced into bankruptcy early next year or sometime before then.

The \$367 million wage and productivity relief will only make Eastern break even next year, assuming there is no major fare war. But the contract, including the raises, remains intact. Workers will be repaid their preferred stock over roughly 10 years (receiving 20 percent of profits available to stockholders up to a

maximum of \$26 million per year). They can also later convert the preferred shares to common stock. Workers will lose interest on the money diverted into preferred stock, but already Eastern common stock is selling in the market for more than the price set by the agreement for workers to pay. But with vast overcapacity in the industry, some major line is likely to fail in the next few years, Abrecht says, and there is no guarantee it won't be Eastern.

Union researchers asked not only what shape the company was in but how did it get that way, according to Andrew Banks, another consultant to the Machinists. "They didn't say just give them the cash but decided that fundamental errors of management had to be rectified, too," he said.

By November 10, the unions, with the Machinists' Charles Bryan in the lead, presented management with its list of de-

The Eastern Air agreement adds a new twist to talks on concessions.

mands. Borman was outraged. "It took three or four days to scrape Borman off the ceiling," one insider recalled. Negotiations were intense and at times fragile, but the union got most of what it wanted. One exception was a bold proposal that workers should have the right to call managers before a "management review board" to challenge corporate decisions.

Even though the union members—if they approve the agreement—will surrender pay to save the company, their original hard fight against concessions and their strategy in bargaining minimized their losses. Because an old investment contribution plan was dropped and pay increases will still take effect, the average machinist will receive about 10 percent less in his or her paycheck than at present even though technically 18 percent will be deducted in exchange for the stock.

The tough strategy also brought a wide range of long-term gains. The Machinists managed to broaden the bargaining to include a key banker, the first step toward wresting concessions from creditors and suppliers. On the front lines of production, the number of supervisors will probably be cut, the company-initiated quality of work life program will be converted into a "workplace democracy" program, efforts will be made to "restore the dignity, effectiveness and value intended for the lead positions of the work classifications" (the skilled group leaders), labor-management relations will be periodically reviewed, subcontracting will be restricted and workers will be involved in developing the design or remodeling of any new facilities.

The success of these programs for greater worker management, introduced and enforceable through the collective bargaining process, will depend on the continued vigilance of the union and its members. But the Eastern terms give a new twist to "concessions bargaining" and may make other employers think twice before they blithely demand wage cuts—since unions can insist on concessions from management, too. ■

Mondale, Trumka gain UMW support

By Eric Leif Davin

PITTSBURGH

TO ROARS OF "WE WANT MONDALE!" the United Mine Workers union endorsed Democratic hopeful Walter Mondale for the presidency on December 14 at its convention here.

Declaring that President Reagan has "no respect or compassion for working people," Mondale was on hand to accept the enthusiastic endorsement of the 1,400 UMW convention delegates.

The delegates then went on to reward UMW President Rich Trumka's efforts to consolidate his authority. Chairing his first UMW convention, Trumka received overwhelming support for what he called "needed collective bargaining tools."

Chief among the proposed revisions was a resolution calling for the elimina-

tion of the union's Bargaining Council. Composed of Executive Board members and the presidents of the union's 21 districts, the Council had had complete say over whether to send a proposed contract to the rank and file for ratification. In 1974 and again in 1977, the Council forced then President Arnold Miller back to the bargaining table when they rejected the contracts he had already obtained for the coal industry.

In next September's contract talks, Trumka will be able to send whatever contract he negotiates directly to the membership for ratification.

Another major change was the approval of a strategy of selective strikes against the coal company, instead of the current policy of an industry-wide strike to win a new contract. The selective strike has not been used since the days of UMW President John L. Lewis. The convention also gave Trumka the power to call a selective

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IN SHORT

Talk is cheap

There was a time when college students didn't need to be exhorted by their elders to protest governmental folly. But since today's undergraduates seem to be more interested in football than demonstrating, Keenen Peck reports that the Governor of Wisconsin recently offered a group of them some advice: stop the arms race by taking to the streets. "Speeches alone aren't going to turn the trick," Anthony Earl told a class at the University of Wisconsin-Madison earlier this month. "What is needed is action—mass demonstrations of the kind we're seeing in Europe, maybe even a carefully thought-out campaign of civil disobedience. These have been models of political action which have carried the great moral issues of the 20th century, and they can work again."

Earl's call to action immediately drew fire from Wisconsin conservatives and UW officials. "Governor Earl knows full well that the line between the Mahatma Gandhi-type of civil disobedience and outright criminal violence and rioting can be extremely thin," two Republican state representatives declared in a statement the following day. But the criticism won't deter the governor from continuing to encourage civil disobedience, according to his press secretary, Ron McCrea. "We're not calling for violent demonstrations," he said.

Would Earl personally risk arrest in an antinuclear demonstration? "I got the impression that he might, though I don't think he's planning to," McCrea said.

The price of poetry

A Los Angeles appearance by Nicaraguan Culture Minister Ernesto Cardenal was cut short by a gun threat on December 6. Michael Jondreau reports that as an overflow crowd of 1,000 looked on, the Roman Catholic priest was hurried from the stage at Los Angeles Valley College after winding up a 40-minute reading of his Sandinista-inspired poetry. The scheduled question-and-answer period was cancelled. The event's coordinator, Farrell Broslawsky, called the gun threat a "rumor" but, given that Cardenal had only one bodyguard along, decided not to take any chances. Broslawsky also commented on the limited media coverage of the culture minister's appearance, but attributed it to "ignorance" and "indifference" rather than to anything as full-blown as a conspiracy. Earlier in the week Cardenal was given a less-than-warm U.S. reception upon his arrival in New York, where he was detained for three hours for search and questioning, as well as a studied perusal of his books, the Bible among them.

Son of Solomon

Amidst fears of losing big bucks in contributions and attracting swarms of non-registrant students, the Oberlin College Board of Trustees in late November unanimously approved a loan program intended to counter the effects of the Solomon Amendment. The amendment requires all students receiving federal aid to sign a statement that they've already registered for the draft or are not required to; Oberlin's loan package makes no explicit mention of the Act, but seems targeted for the non-compliers. The Trustee's largesse was not easily won, however. Four hundred students and faculty joined in a sit-in to pressure the board for more lenient terms than they had first planned.

The draft law had drawn charges of being unconstitutional because it forces people to prove their innocence before receiving aid and violates the Fifth Amendment rights against self-incrimination. The act is also patently discriminatory, catching only needy students in its web. While the Supreme Court is expected to make a decision on its constitutionality this spring, other small "selective" colleges have also instituted loan programs for non-compliers. But the plan is to keep it secret, given the potential of "negative fundraising" (Oberlin's term). There are also feared repercussions from "Solomon II," an act designed to punish schools that have a "pattern of aid to non-compliers" by denying all federal aid, including money for research grants.

Let's hear it for the Proles!

Nukespeak may well be judged Newspeak *par excellence* as we rapidly tumble toward 1984. President Reagan speaks of the "Peacekeeper" in soothing tones, a baby-faced Pentagon official admits to "discussing questions of 'megadeath' with my superior as we lick ice cream cones and walk along the Potomac." The Federal Emergency Management Agency is not to be euphemistically outdone: it recently issued a decree stating there'd be no farm labor shortages after a nuclear attack because in addition to better chances of survival for country folks there'd be plenty of "urban migrants" to lend a hand.

But, lest we allow the fatalism of "being nuked" to overcome us, here's another Orwellian image about regaining control that warrants equal time: "The heirs of Nelson and Cromwell are not in the House of Lords. They are in the fields and streets, in the factories and the armed forces, in the four-ale bars and suburban back garden; and at present they are kept under by a generation of ghosts. By revolution we become more ourselves, not less." Happy 1984.

—Beth Maschinot

1199 jostles with RWDSU

PHILADELPHIA—There was little time for self-congratulation at the 10th anniversary convention of the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees, known as 1199. Despite winning 725 union elections covering 87,770 employees in the past decade, a period of general union decline, and despite progressive stands and militant tactics, and despite being the largest national union headed by a black—or perhaps because of all of the above—1199 was fighting for its life.



1199, the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees, tries to hang on to its "democratic rights."

Metal detectors were placed at the doors to search for weapons. Pandemonium broke loose at the podium. Accusations of racism, financial manipulation and voter fraud filled the air. But most members seemed to leave the convention feeling stronger about their union than ever.

The key question was whether the convention should grant its leadership the power to "disaffiliate" itself from the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union (RWDSU), which is currently its only link with the AFL-CIO.

As previously reported (*In These Times*, Nov. 16), RWDSU President Alvin Heaps suddenly announced plans on October 2 to "restructure" the international. These plans would, according to President Henry Nicholas, strip 1199 of most of their autonomy and submerge a growing union of 150,000 (primarily blacks, Hispanics and women) into a conservative union of 140,000, who are, for the most part, white men. All of 1199's dues (a third of which is spent organizing new members) would be controlled by

an international that spends a much larger percentage on administration and pension funds.

Since then, the RWDSU has gone to court in an attempt to put 1199 into temporary trusteeship, alleging that the union misspent \$5 million of strike funds. 1199 claims that they loaned the money to several locals' organizing drives. A Manhattan U.S. District Court Judge took 1199's side. For many at the convention, the takeover attempt was the last straw.

"They are out to get us," Beatrice Crockett Moore, executive secretary of the Baltimore local and the national vice-president told the convention delegates. "But if we can't maintain what's

convention, and most of the defecting officers were white.

Turner and her forces argued that breaking with RWDSU would leave them without a union label and that the AFL-CIO would not grant them a separate charter.

But the missing strike fund seemed closer to the heart of New York's concerns. Sources within the local said that New York resented that a large percentage of their dues money was spent organizing other locals. This practice, in the long run, would undermine New York's power. The situation was further aggravated by a long strike in a Harlem hospital that, delegates charge, the old guard leadership was not supporting either financially or on the picket line.

"We pay more dues than any other local," said Turner. "And if we go on strike we expect that money in the treasury."

But even more deeply felt were the racial issues, which exploded during a debate over the credentials of some delegates from Puerto Rico. Charges and counter-charges of manipulating Hispánicos caused Turner to physically grab the microphone from Nicholas. A scuffle ensued and the convention was only calmed by a collective—and at that point, both ironic and moving—chorus of "Solidarity Forever."

The amendment empowering 1199 to break from RWDSU if it does not obtain its "democratic rights" passed 70,660 to 65,928, but not before New York threatened to break with 1199 and remain with the parent union.

Charging the old guard of using "racism in its rawest damn form" by attempting to pit blacks against Hispanics, Turner said, "You're condemning Heaps for what he does to you and condone what you do to us. We have democratic rights and we'll either get them here or somewhere else."

But to Davis (whose speech caused the New York delegation to walk out) the convention was living proof of democracy in action.

"It's not so unusual for a democratic union to have confrontations. Democracy is a risky business. But we have a right to do what we're doing and New York has a right to do what they're doing," Davis said.

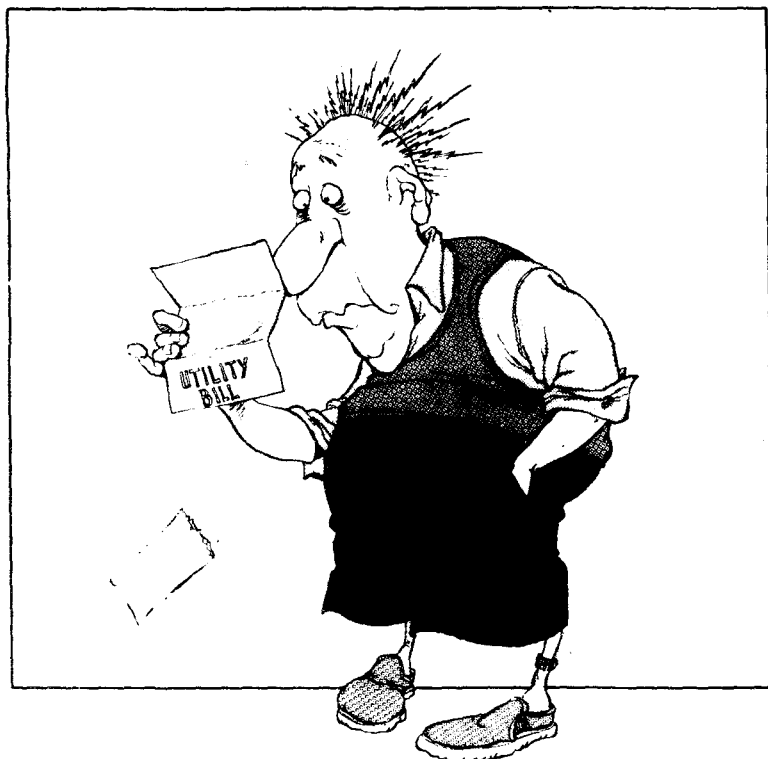
Attempting to patch things up the next day, Nicholas supported Turner for re-election as executive secretary, despite Turner's unsuccessful bid against him for president. Turner then took the podium for the swearing in ceremony. —Bob Sanders

Energy news: warm future

WASHINGTON—What would you say if someone knocked on your door and offered to repair your heating system, put insulation in your attic, install storm windows and provide round-the-clock maintenance service—and didn't ask you for a penny? You'd probably be tempted to run to your phone and call the nearest consumer protection agency. But hold on. This is one time when a deal that sounds too good to be true, isn't.

In fact, energy savings com-

Original articles, news clips, memos, press releases, reports, anecdotes—send them all to "In Short," c/o *In These Times*, 1300 West Belmont, Chicago, Ill. 60657. Please include your address and phone number.



panies have been functioning in this country for at least a half-dozen years, and in Europe they've been operating for nearly a decade. It's an industry born of the oil crisis.

Here's how it works: the energy companies approach the owners of large buildings, usually commercial skyscrapers, and offer to do a series of energy improvements. They also promise to maintain the equipment. The building owner doesn't have to put up any money in exchange. The energy company makes its profit by splitting the money the owner saves on utility bills over the next five to seven years. It's an idea with a built-in fail safe system: if the energy company does a lousy job and doesn't save the owners any money, they don't pay a cent.

The idea now appears to be on the threshold of catching on with the public sector. Norris McDonald of the Environmental Policy Institute has developed a plan to use energy savings companies in public housing—and the Washington, D.C., Department of Housing and Community Development has decided to put McDonald's brainstorm into action. The city is in the process of selecting companies to work on five of its public housing projects. Department Director James Clay sees tremendous potential savings in the plan:

"I spend 51 percent of my public housing budget on utilities. Of a budget of \$42 million, I'm spending something like \$21 million on utilities. Even if I saved 5 percent, I'd be talking about a million dollars. On these five properties [in the demonstration project]...we're talking about [saving] about \$200,000."

That's money that Clay can put into capital improvements and improved maintenance. At the same time, project tenants would no longer have to worry about freezing in winter and sweltering in summer. McDonald thinks Clay may even be underestimating the potential savings. He points to government studies estimating that low-income housing projects could save up to 40 percent on their utility bills by instituting conservation measures involved in the project.

As McDonald points out, the national implications are enormous. "The average apartment

in the U.S. uses approximately 16 barrels of oil-equivalent (whether oil itself, natural gas or electric heat) per year. A 40 percent reduction is six barrels of oil-equivalent, and there are 11 million multi-family rental housing units. So we're talking about approximately 70 million barrels of oil that could be saved—which translates out to a savings of about \$2.5 billion."

It's an idea that sounds ideal for Reaganites as well: no outlay of taxpayers' dollars, private sector involvement and a no-waste guarantee—you only pay out of what you save. None of this has been lost on officials at the Department of Housing and Urban Development. HUD's Building and Technology Division not only is watching the Washington project closely, but is also working on a pilot program of its own.

"Everybody gains," division director Joe Sherman says of the concept. Sherman says his HUD bosses began looking at him a little cross-eyed when he first proposed that there was a way to get companies to do massive energy improvements that wouldn't cost the government any money. "I asked everyone to try to shoot holes in the idea. So far, nobody's been able to."

That doesn't mean there aren't problems. The energy companies get a series of tax breaks by taking accelerated depreciations on their equipment, but Sherman says all the government studies show that the lost tax revenues are more than made up for in reduced utility bills. There are also some drawbacks in managing energy conservation in residential buildings that could deter companies from getting involved in government contracts.

But Sherman doesn't think the problems are insurmountable. There's one other potential roadblock, however, HUD's own regulations. HUD pays city housing agencies a subsidy based on how much they've spent on utilities. If they cut their utility bills, they lose part of the subsidy.

But Clay doesn't see how HUD can turn down cities that ask for waivers of the regulations so they can do such projects. "If we can prove it's going to be cost-effective, plus provide for energy conservation, I don't anticipate any real problems in getting them to go along." —Harvy Lipman

Antinuclear protests took place in most states and provinces of North America in early December during Canada-U.S. Solidarity Days actions that brought more than 100 arrests for civil disobedience in Oregon, California, Arizona, Michigan and New York.

The demonstrations—occurring at federal buildings, military bases, corporate headquarters and weapons production facilities—frequently augmented the antinuclear theme with opposition to U.S. military intervention in Central America and the Mideast.

In several U.S. communities, local participation in the Canada-U.S. Solidarity Days meant a step forward for grassroots nonviolent direct action. And in Michigan, there was major escalation of government repression in response.

Fifty-four people were arrested during several days of civil disobedience blockades at the Williams International Corp. plant manufacturing Cruise missile engines in the Detroit area. Those protests were organized by a Michigan group, Covenant for Peace, many of whose jailed members now face conspiracy charges for their involvement in the nonviolent actions.

Already confronting an automatic 30 days in jail because of a court injunction against protests on the Williams International site, organizers encountered further attack from law enforcement officials. At about 10:00 p.m. on December 1, local police entered a Catholic church in Pontiac that Covenant for Peace was using as a headquarters during the week of demonstrations. Armed with a search warrant, police seized files and photos belonging to the organization as well as the church's sign-in book for visitors.

The police raid came at the St. Vincent's Roman Catholic Church, where protesters had been staying and conducting nonviolence training sessions and meetings. Undercover police agents attended the sessions on a daily basis for several days leading up to the raid. In the aftermath of the police actions, some Covenant for Peace activists face multiple counts of conspiracy charges that could land them each more than three years in jail.

"This is an effort by the Oakland County prosecutor, who is the leading law enforcement officer of Oakland County, to attempt to destroy the peace movement in that community," says Bill Goodman, a Detroit attorney representing some members of the Covenant for Peace organization. "He's done this by a variety of outrageous actions that include the political undercover surveillance of a prayer meeting, the midnight search of a church and of people in the church and the excessive use of prosecutorial power by attempting to send people to jail for several years on what are essentially misdemeanor charges."

People's National Clearinghouse, which helped coordinate U.S. demonstrations for the

Canada-U.S. Solidarity Days, sent a telegram on December 6 to federal officials charging that "these repressive actions benefit no one but those who want to perpetuate the nuclear arms race while developing a police-state here at home." The group called for an immediate end to Prosecutor L. Brooks Patterson's campaign against peace activists in Oakland County, where the raided church and the Cruise missile engine factory are located: "The Reagan administration should not be permitted to let local authorities do its dirty work for it by flagrantly abusing elementary civil liberties while seeking to severely disrupt nonviolent work by disarmament activists."

While the Michigan police raid and conspiracy charges are a serious step-up in government repression against nonviolent direct action opposing U.S. military policies, the Covenant for Peace activists are "guilty" of nothing that hasn't also been occurring in scores of other U.S. communities during recent years.

Briefing: Protesters jailed across U.S.



Nuclear weapon foes in Seneca, N.Y.

A few hours after the raid on the church in Pontiac, for instance, thousands of miles away activists in Oregon were nonviolently interfering with business as usual at a factory responsible for manufacturing titanium castings for the air-launched Cruise missile.

Many employees of Precision Castparts Corp. were late for work on December 2 as demonstrators blocked entrance gates to the titanium casting plant in the Portland area. A total of 58 arrests took place that morning at the Precision Castparts plant and nearby corporate headquarters.

More than 40 of those arrested remained in area jails for five days, while the local prosecutor's office insisted on obtaining the prisoners' legal names before releasing them. Those arrested continued to insist that everyone should receive equal treatment, however, and jail records listed dozens of Jane and John Does.

All the Oregon protesters were released the afternoon of December 7 after the county attorney announced he was dropping charges against 49 of the 58 people arrested. The DA cited lack of "sufficient

evidence" as the reason for not proceeding with prosecution of "trespassing" charges.

While the Oregon and Michigan demonstrators were in jail, civil disobedience continued elsewhere—not always bringing arrest. To the north, activists from British Columbia and Pacific Northwest states converged at the Peace Arch on the Canada-U.S. line to set up a peace camp—decrying the Canada-U.S. governmental pact permitting flight tests of the air-launched Cruise missiles, to begin in western Canada next month.

About 150 Canadians and U.S. citizens walked across the border from Washington into British Columbia on December 3, declining to comply with legal entry procedures, to protest the Cruise testing agreement. Border authorities ordered a halt to the illegal entry into Canada, but when protesters ignored the warnings, no action was taken against them. The international delegation completed its walk into Canada, declared a Cruise-free zone and later in the after-

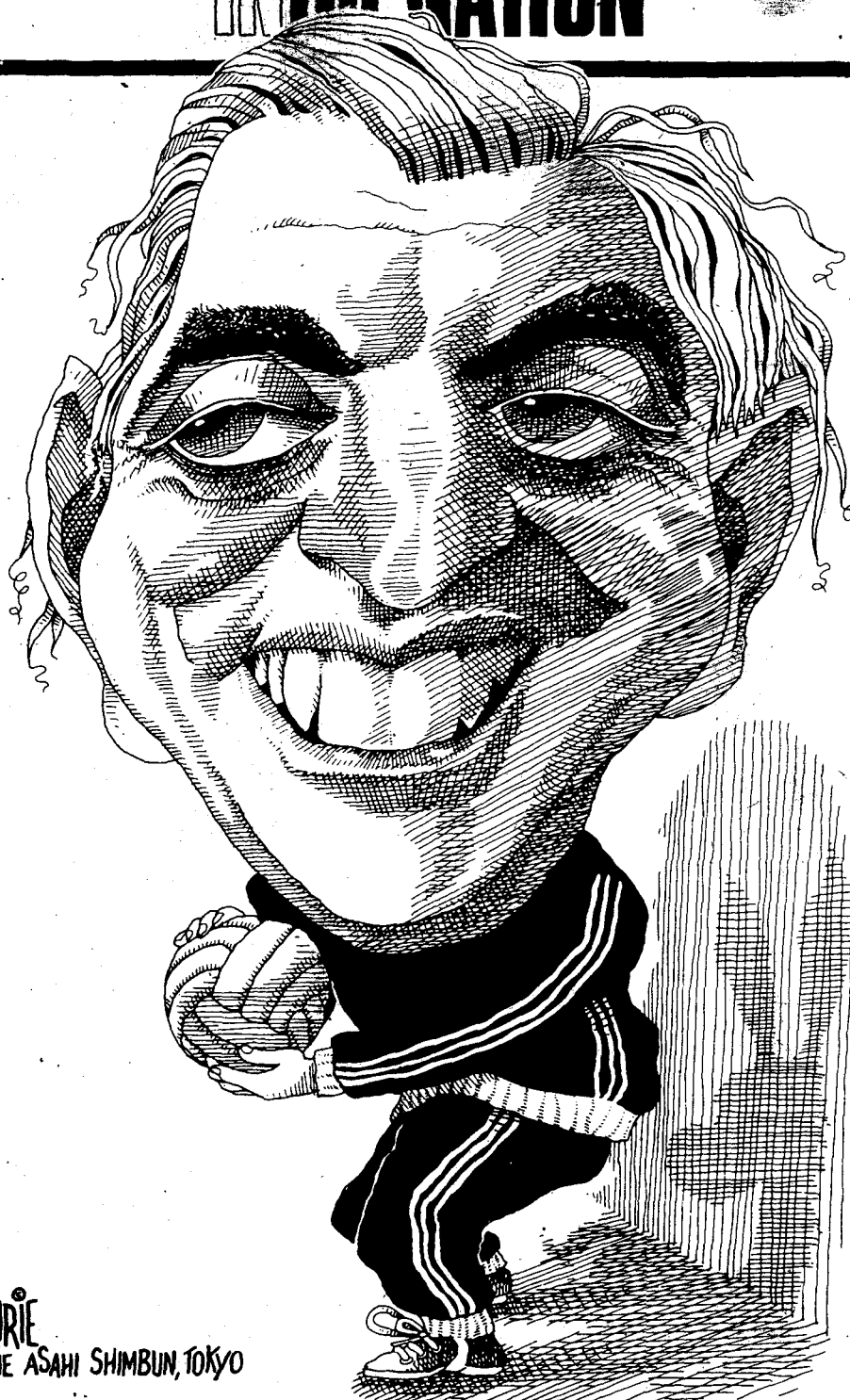
noon returned to the U.S.

The same afternoon, in Tucson, Ariz., a noon-time rally by 200 people was followed by civil disobedience at the Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, where the U.S. government trains Cruise missile operators. Eight adults and an eight-month-old girl were taken into custody for being in front of the base's main gate. Two of those arrested were photographers for Tucson's daily newspapers, the *Arizona Daily Star* and *Tucson Citizen*, a fact which caused a stir in Arizona media.

Meanwhile, seven women were arrested after climbing over a fence into the Seneca Army Depot airstrip near Romulus, N.Y. And across the continent, about 600 people joined in a "die-in" during a heavy rain in southern California's Orange County, laying down for 10 minutes in front of the Seal Beach Naval Weapons Station that supplies nuclear armaments to the U.S. Pacific Fleet. Two days later, some of the protesters returned for the first civil disobedience ever at the Seal Beach naval base. Thirteen people were arrested.

—Norman Solomon

IN THE NATION



Defending Reagan, George Deukmejian repeatedly linked Carter and Mondale.

THE PRESIDENCY

Opening volleys of '84 race are fired

By John B. Judis

WASHINGTON

THE FIRST DEBATE OF THE 1984 general election took place at a luncheon December 7 hosted by *Public Opinion* magazine. The participants were not President Ronald Reagan and his Democratic challenger, but two stand-ins, California Gov. George Deukmejian, a supporter of Reagan, and New York Gov. Mario Cuomo, a backer of former Vice-President Walter Mondale. Both Deukmejian and Cuomo were newly elected in 1982 and have won popular acclaim in their states.

Besides backing the leading candidates, Deukmejian and Cuomo epitomize the prevailing difference between Sunbelt Republican conservatism and Northern Democratic liberalism. Both are mentioned as possible presidential candidates in 1988.

In California, Deukmejian, who narrowly defeated Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, is being heralded as a reincarnation of Reagan as governor (Reagan was governor 1968-1974). He prevented the Democratic legislature from adopting a tax increase and cut \$1.2 billion from the budget that passed the legislature.

While preserving increased spending for the state police, Deukmejian slashed funds for education, mental health, family planning and business and environ-

mental regulation.

His confrontations with the Democratic legislature have made Deukmejian very popular in California. According to the Field poll, 76 percent of Californians—a high proportion—approve of Deukmejian's actions as governor. His popularity testifies to his own political skill and to the continuing viability of Reagan Republicanism in states like California that are enjoying substantial economic growth.

Cuomo bested New York City Mayor Ed Koch in the 1982 Democratic primary for governor and ultraconservative Lew Lehrman in the general election. He inherited a projected \$579 million state deficit, but unlike Deukmejian, whose cuts fell mainly on the poor, Cuomo tried to eliminate the deficit through "shared sacrifice." While imposing higher taxes on cigarettes and alcohol and cutting 14,000 state jobs, mainly in education, Cuomo increased New York's welfare grants. (As it is, increased revenues from the recovery made most of the personnel cuts unnecessary.)

Cuomo's attempt to blend fairness and fiscal conservatism has won plaudits from New York Republicans as well as Democrats and national endorsements from the *Wall Street Journal's* Albert Hunt and the *New Republic's* Hendrik Hertzberg.

Ironically, both Cuomo and Deukmejian are first-generation Americans—

Deukmejian of Armenian immigrants and Cuomo of Italian—who were raised in New York City and graduated from the same law school. But the resemblance ends there.

Running against Carter-Mondale.

Deukmejian, who is tall and thin with short, graying curly hair and the posture of a successful insurance man, led off. He argued that in order for a Democrat to defeat "a popular President in the middle of a robust recovery and period of renewed national pride," he would have to "tap a vein of dissatisfaction" within the electorate. But, according to Deukmejian, no such vein exists.

Deukmejian contrasted the current economic recovery with the state of the economy when Reagan took office in January 1981. As is the practice of Republicans, who expect Mondale to be the Democratic opponent of Reagan, Deukmejian referred to the "record of defeat and despair" of the "Carter-Mondale administration." Some of Deukmejian's comparisons were tendentious—there are 2.6 million more Americans at work now, he claimed—but others—for instance, the comparison of the inflation rate (12.4 percent vs. 3.3 percent) and interest rates (21.5 percent vs. 11 percent)—were fair enough.

The choice voters faced in 1984, Deukmejian said, was between "the old Carter-Mondale policies of higher taxes, and less defense and more total spending" and the "vision of an America that has rediscovered its roots, of a growing free enterprise economy, limited government and a strong national defense."

Cuomo is tall and dark. His rimless glasses and slight slouch give him a professorial air. In response to Deukmejian, Cuomo argued that Reagan's initial economic policies, which promised growth without hardship and a balanced budget in three years, had failed abysmally. Turning to Deukmejian, Cuomo said, "Were it not for the president's extraordinary charm, his obvious affability, geniality, his immense capacity to communicate, his personal charm that eclipses his record, you would probably be looking for another candidate."

Cuomo contrasted the Democratic philosophy of government with Reagan's. According to the Reagan philosophy, Cuomo said, "God helps those who God has helped, and if he has left you out, who are we to presume upon his will."

The Democratic philosophy, Cuomo said, is that government is necessary to make sure that everyone has a chance to advance themselves in the U.S. Looking out over the well-fed audience of Washington journalists, Cuomo said, "People here in this room are better off today because of government's refusal to believe that only the rich, the already strong, the fittest should survive."

Echoing both Franklin Roosevelt and Catholic social doctrine, Cuomo said that government must be based on "the principle of family, the principle of mutuality, the sharing of benefits and burdens for the good of all, the recognition that at the heart of the matter we are bound inextricably with one another. The layoff of a steelworker in Buffalo is our problem as a nation. The pains and struggle of a handicapped mother in Houston is our struggle."

At this time, Cuomo believes that economic sacrifice is necessary to restore private growth—"sacrifice" is one of his favorite words—but he insists that sacrifice be shared among all classes. "A factory worker can't be asked to contribute more to the country's well being than the corporation that employs him," Cuomo said.

Recession and recovery.

After Deukmejian and Cuomo had spoken, they made brief rebuttal statements back and forth. Deukmejian brought Cuomo down from Pope Leo XIII to the "Carter-Mondale administration" by remarking that the family—apparently Cuomo's metaphysical usage eluded Deukmejian's actuarial mentality—was much better off under Reagan than it has been under "Carter-Mondale." Deuk-

mejian, who has a statistic for every occasion, claimed that homebuyers were currently paying \$200-a-month less in mortgage payments under the Reagan administration than they would have paid if "Carter-Mondale" had stayed in office.

Cuomo did not deny that some families had benefitted from the current recovery. But citing the ravages of the recession, he asked, "What was the price of benefitting these families?"

Deukmejian replied that the Reagan administration had not really caused the recession, only the recovery. "The recession started before Reagan's policies went into effect," he said.

Cuomo shot back that Reagan could not take credit for the recovery because it was merely the result of the recession bottoming out. And so on.

Deukmejian also argued briefly about who caused the budget deficits, what could be done about them and who benefitted from the Reagan tax cuts. But the debate basically centered on these points:

- Is the Reagan administration an improvement on Carter-Mondale? If so, does it matter? (When Deukmejian noted that, according to Carter's "misery index" of inflation added to unemployment, the index had gone down from 19 to 12 since Reagan took office, Cuomo replied, "If President Carter runs again, I think we should take note of that.")

- Can the Reagan administration be credited with the recovery?

- Does the Reagan administration care about laid-off steelworkers in Buffalo?

Significantly, there was only passing reference to foreign policy differences between the parties.

Preview of 1984.

Cuomo was the more eloquent speaker, but as a preview of the 1984 presidential election, the debate suggested that the Democratic candidate will have a hard time.

American elections are usually fought over the present. Past triumphs and transgressions don't count for much compared to current world crises and perceptions of the economy. And philosophical differences over the role of government only become important to the extent that the incumbent philosophy has been seen to lead to undesirable results.

Barring a world crisis, the prime consideration in 1984 will be American voters' perception of where unemployment and inflation are heading. This will often depend on the situation in their state or region. For instance, if the election had been held this November, a salient consideration would have been that unemployment was below the national average in states that command 370 out of 537 total electoral votes for president. This is bad news for the Democrats.

If next November voters perceive that their economic situation is improving, they will probably not care who caused the 1981-82 recession. They will opt for four more years of "limited government" and let the Buffalo steelworker and Houston handicapped mother fend for themselves.



Fred W. McDarrah

Cuomo was an eloquent speaker for Mondale but faced problems.

By Ken Fuson

BURLINGTON, IOWA

YOU'RE THE MAYOR OF THIS city and you should be in heaven. The federal government starts making noise about creating hundreds of jobs and spending millions of dollars in your town, where unemployment has topped 14 percent for months. Are happy days here again?

Wait. There's a catch. To create those jobs, the federal government wants to build nuclear weapons in the city's backyard. The Chamber of Commerce doesn't seem to mind. It remembers the days when 10,000 people worked at the local weapons plant and spent their paychecks downtown. But as mayor, you want the butter, not the guns. What do you do?

If you're Jerry Rigdon, you tell the federal government to take a hike with their possible plant.

"I just think that nuclear weapons are insane," says Rigdon, the 44-year-old mayor of Burlington, who owns a window washing company. "I just don't see any sense in building more and more when you already have enough to obliterate everything. What's the sense in it?"

Choosing an answer to that question has enlivened coffee shop talk and divided many of the Iowa river city's 50,000 residents. Some, like Rigdon, believe the quickest way to end the arms buildup is to stop the building of arms. Others, including the president of the city's Chamber of Commerce, contend that if nuclear arms are going to be built, they might as well be built in Burlington.

A peaceful, pretty city, Burlington could be the training ground for Olympic cyclists. Hilly streets lead into the downtown area. According to *Ripley's Believe It Or Not*, the city boasts one street, Snake Alley, that is the "crookedest street in the world."

The age of the city (which townspeople claim to be the oldest settlement in Iowa) is attested to by venerable brick houses and neighborhood pubs. Stirring the debate within these old structures is the subject of the Iowa Army Ammunition Plant, dormant since 1975 and located eight miles west in the small town of Milledale.

The ruckus started after the U.S. Department of Energy (DOE) released an environmental impact statement in December recommending an expansion of the Pantex plant in Amarillo, Texas, the final point of assembly for all nuclear weapons in the country. Under federal law, DOE officials were required to list options other than the Texas expansion.

One of those options was to revive the Iowa Army Ammunition Plant. For federal officials, the plant was a natural choice. The facility had been involved heavily in the production of nuclear weapons since 1947, but was shut down in 1975, two years after the Nixon administration ordered production stopped and the equipment shipped to Texas. Both plants are operated by the same company, Mason and Hanger-Silas Mason.

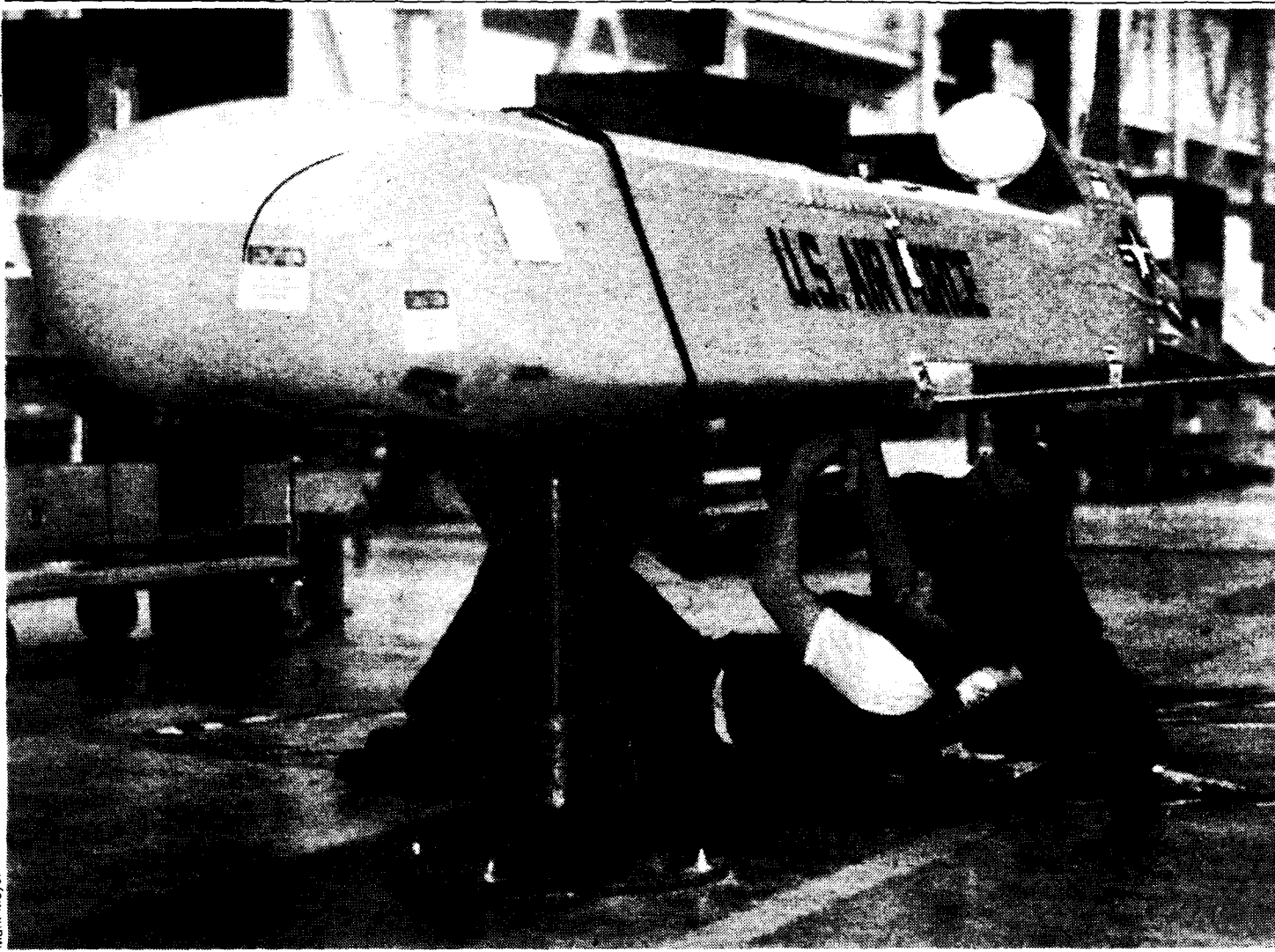
Two possibilities were listed in the report regarding the plant near Burlington. The first would shift part of the weapons construction to that plant, requiring \$216 million and 1,000 new workers. The second would move all operations to Iowa at a cost of \$1.5 billion, creating 2,600 new jobs. Another alternative called for building a new plant on the Hanford Reservation near Richland, Wash.

The report received little attention in Burlington until February, when residents learned the possibility existed that their city would be back in the nuclear weapons business. Sides were drawn quickly, with Charles Fichtenkort, then president of the Burlington Chamber of Commerce, and Rigdon, also a chamber member, taking opposing views.

Fichtenkort: "I think if the economy were different, you might hear different thoughts on it. I just feel that if you're going to build nuclear weapons, why not here? Anytime somebody wants to offer that kind of building, my reaction is, 'Let's go.'"

Rigdon: "My answer to that is, if it's

With 14 percent unemployment, building nuclear weapons looks like gainful employment to some Burlington residents. Others, like the mayor, are not convinced.



NUCLEAR WEAPONS

Jobs or peace: an Iowa city confronts economic dilemma

just money and jobs we're after, why don't we contract with Russia and build theirs too? You give me \$200 billion or how many billions of dollars with the mandate to create jobs, and I will create a lot of jobs, but you don't have to build nuclear weapons. I am opposed to building them in Amarillo, Richland, Moscow or Burlington."

But, like Burlington city councilman Lowell Bauer, plant supporters issue a disclaimer before explaining why they favor weapons construction in southeastern Iowa. "I'm certainly not a warmonger," Bauer says. "I simply say that if our country is committed to doing it—and it looks like we are—then I think the plant in Burlington certainly is capable of doing the work. We built those weapons here for years and there weren't any consequences. I'm putting my faith and trust in the government."

Wayne Coin takes a similar stand. Though Coin, the business representative for District 131 of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, blurs the differences between the two sides in the debate, the bottom line remains jobs.

"You give me \$200 billion with the mandate to create jobs, and I will create a lot of jobs, but you don't have to build nuclear weapons."
—Mayor Rigdon

"I am against nuclear weapons, nuclear power, nuclear waste and nuclear transportation—whatever is nuclear I am against," says Coin, spokesman for a union local whose membership has dropped steadily since all nuclear weapons operations were stopped near Burlington. "But until that point in time when we no longer make nuclear weapons, there's work for the people and we should be doing it. I don't see anything wrong with having our people perform the duties. That may be contradictory, I don't know."

Coin's position is not that of the leadership of his union; its president, William Winpisinger, supports the freeze and has consistently voiced opposition to the military buildup. But Coin says he has received no pressure from the union to change his stand. Most of his fellow union workers, Coin claims, feel the way he does. They are against the construction of nuclear weapons, he maintains, but "they would like to keep working and those who are laid off would like to have jobs."

After the controversy began, the mayor quickly became a staunch ally and chief spokesman for several peace groups in Burlington, such as Citizens for Peace and the United Nations Association. And he has irritated some of the plant's backers in the process. "I've received some criticism from some of the local citizenry about my stand," Rigdon says. "But even people who disagree strongly with me—and I mean strongly—have not gotten nasty about it."

It has been a debate without bitterness, says Sally McMillan, a member of Citizens for Peace. "One of the reasons for that," she explains, "is we're approaching it in a very educational manner instead of confrontational. Those of us who are opposed to it, we're interested in jobs, too. The question is, what kind of jobs do we want? The people who are for reopening the plant haven't looked at the wider picture. I'm not sure they realize what nuclear weapons will do."

To inform them, Citizens for Peace and the United Nations Association held several forums and activities throughout

Ground Zero Week in April. At the local Des Moines County Fair, peace organizations distributed informational bulletins and ice cream. Representatives of Citizens for Peace and the United Nations Association also met with Gov. Terry Branstad to explain their opposition to nuclear weapons construction in Iowa and the interstate shipment of nuclear waste through Burlington. Branstad, says McMillan, "listened well" to the group's arguments, "but he didn't make any commitment as far as doing anything."

The two peace groups, though, have reaped benefits from the DOE reports. As a result of the debate, McMillan says, interest in this issue has increased, as well as membership in the two groups.

Federal officials say the debate in Burlington is premature. David Jackson, director of public affairs for the DOE's operations office in Albuquerque, N.M., which produced the environmental impact statement, notes he has "no reason to believe" the government will do anything other than expand the Texas plant, which is what the report recommends. He says a final decision is expected early next year after citizens comment on the report.

Nevertheless some of Burlington's residents, McMillan explains, are discussing the arms race and the threat of nuclear extinction seriously for the first time in their lives. As an example, she points to Rigdon, who says he "never even knew I had such strong feelings about the nuclear issue before this." Rigdon maintains he doesn't care about the political damage of his remarks because he has no intention of running for office again. "I'm just telling people what I think, that's all," he says. "This is going to be the big issue of the '80s, and we'd better start talking about it before it's too late. I feel very strongly that there are few political solutions in this country. The solution must be a solution of spirit, and I don't see any reason why Burlington can't be a part of that solution."

Ken Fuson is a reporter for the Des Moines Register. This article first appeared in *Nuclear Times*.

Mineworkers

Continued from page 3

strike on his sole authority, subject only to a two-thirds veto vote of the Executive Board.

This, too, is a curtailment of the Executive Board's power, as the UMW constitution required only a simple majority of the board to veto presidential actions before.

Finally, the delegates approved a levy of 2.5 percent on the wages of working members to establish a strike fund to a maximum of \$70 million. The union currently has no strike fund.

The increased powers granted to Trumka were a major boost to his image as a union leader. In addition, they will give him a much stronger position going into next year's contract talks when Trumka

will negotiate his first union contract with the coal industry.

Indeed, a united union will be necessary in the coming months. Facing what Trumka called the "second worst depression of the century," 60,000 of the UMW's 160,000 active members are laid off.

In addition, Trumka adopted an aggressive stance at the convention toward the coal industry. Calling the recent trend of concessions and givebacks "suicide by degree," Trumka vowed that the UMW will take "no backward steps—no take-away contracts."

Noticeably missing, however, was any mention of just what the union will seek when Trumka begins negotiations next September for a new contract with the in-

dustry.

Nevertheless, Trumka's opposition to concessions and the fact that the union and the coal industry have not reached a contract agreement without a strike since 1964, promise rough times for the union in 1984.

Perhaps for this reason, Trumka has been reaching out to other unions for solidarity since he became UMW president a year ago. The list of guest speakers at the convention attested to the UMW's widening sphere of cooperation in the trade union movement.

On December 12, Lane Kirkland became the first AFL-CIO president ever to address a UMW convention. He received warm and frequent applause. He was followed on December 13 by Robert White, Canadian vice-president of the United Auto Workers; Gerald MacEntee, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) on December 14; Lynn Williams, interim president of the United Steel

Workers, on December 15; and United Auto Workers (UAW) President Owen Bieber on December 16.

Another indication of the alliances sought by Trumka was his and the convention's endorsement of Walter Mondale. Following the convention's action, Trumka attacked the Reagan administration's policies that both he and Mondale blamed for the current economic malaise.

Reagan, said Trumka, fights inflation by creating unemployment and his agenda includes breaking unions, removing social safety nets and imposing economic policies whose sole beneficiaries are the rich.

Come election day, Trumka declared, the UMW rank-and-filer will remember and vote for those who share "our vision of a just, sane and compassionate society in which the basic right of dignified, gainful employment is recognized and fulfilled."

Eric Leif Davin reports regularly on labor issues from Pittsburgh.

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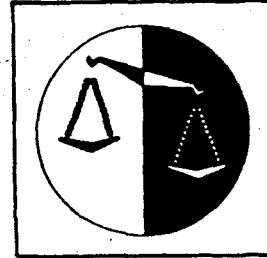
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ON THE WORLD

By Diana Johnstone

PALERMO, SICILY

EVERYTHING CHANGED WHEN the Americans appeared on the scene. The *carabinieri* had been fraternizing with the peace demonstrators outside the Comiso cruise missile base site. Seated on the ground as an expression of their non-violence, some of the men and women had been explaining their protest against nuclear missiles to the young *carabinieri* military police.

Then the busload of Americans drove up. Suddenly, the *carabinieri* began to beat the seated demonstrators with their clubs.

"We wanted to make a good impression on the Americans," one of them would explain later.

This simple dynamic of wanting to please the Americans has many implications. Here in Sicily, history has been marked by the desire to please them.

In 1947 an outlaw named Salvatore Giuliano wrote to President Harry Truman and proclaimed his love for the U.S. and his dream of separating Sicily from Italy. He hoped to "annex" it to the U.S.

Giuliano was a man of action. On May Day 1947, Sicilians were celebrating the left's first electoral victory in the island's history. Giuliano interrupted the festivities in Portella della Ginestra, mowing down the townsfolk with machine-gun fire. Later, he further proved his love for the U.S. and his "anti-bolshevism" by carrying out unprovoked armed attacks on Communist Party (PCI) offices.

The Portella della Ginestra massacre marked the end of the postwar political truce between the parties that had been united in opposition to fascism. It also signaled the start of the right-wing campaign that drove the PCI out of the coalition government in Rome in 1948 and into semi-ostracism. Thus, the Sicilian bandit Giuliano fired the first shots in the Cold War in Italy.

Giuliano was encouraged in his fantasies by an American officer named Michael Stern. Around that time, General Wil-

The backbone of resistance to the missiles is an odd combination of middle-aged Italian leftists and devoted young pacifists who have come from the Netherlands and West Germany.

liam "Wild Bill" Donovan, head of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), was predicting that Sicily would be "the Malta of the future," the military base that would dominate the Mediterranean, the solid American fortress in case of a war against Communism (which would presumably engulf mainland Italy). To keep Sicily secure for the U.S. armed forces, every method was acceptable—from

deals with Mafia killers to promises, just before elections, that the Americans were planning to build a beautiful new city called "Chiarabianca" on the island.

The U.S. set up a couple of big military bases in Sicily. It also helped the Mafia gain political power in the northwestern part of the island, around Palermo and Trapani. Then for a long time, it seemed to leave Sicily alone.

The Mafia was not everywhere. It was not, for example, in Ragusa province in the southeast, which has the most prosperous farms on the island and Communist mayors in towns like Vittoria and Comiso. In Sicily as in mainland Italy, the Communist Party always thrives in the richest, not the poorest, regions. Its essential social base, in Ragusa as in the northern Italian "red" province of Emilia-Romagna, is the cooperative movement, which is made up of independent-minded farmers and artisans who work hard and reject exploitation by middlemen.

Enter the Cruise.

The 1981 announcement that the NATO base for Italy's batch of Cruise nuclear missiles would be built at Comiso signaled resumption of the old project to transform Sicily into a major American military base. It also meant new opportunities for the Mafia.

Pio La Torre, the leading crusader against the Mafia in the Italian parliament, promptly went home to Sicily to revive the Communist Party there by leading it into a new campaign against construction of the Comiso missile base. On the eve of May Day, 1982, 35 years after the Portella della Ginestra massacre, Pio La Torre was assassinated in Palermo.

Like the bandit Giuliano, the Mafia was demonstrating its readiness to render valuable political service to the U.S. Of course, in so doing the Mafia was looking out after its own interests, which now include the international heroin trade. The new danger to Sicily is that U.S. strategic designs coincide with the interests of a Mafia that is much more rich and powerful than it used to be.

Umberto Santino, who heads the independent Sicilian Documentation Center in Palermo that is devoted to analyzing the Mafia's political significance, does not believe that the Mafia's interest in the American missile base at Comiso boils down to "the simple trio: speculation, drugs and prostitution. He suspects that there is a "more profound convergence

Comiso's main square

of interests" at work here.

As at the time of the Allied landing in 1943, the U.S. needs a "social and political subject" able to control Sicilian society. Comiso is the starting point for involving Italy in the renewal of American hegemony, a policy that has singled out the Mediterranean as "strategically decisive," says Santino. For this, "the Americans need an island as much as possible under control. And who better than the Mafia can ensure that control?"

In Italy, politics is always understood in terms of culture, and militarization plus Mafia add up to a new political culture that threatens the best in an older democratic culture.

In Comiso, where the Communist Party gets nearly half the votes, this culture is expressed in an artistically interesting monument to the Resistance that looks a lot like a cemetery. Carved stones commemorate such martyrs as Antonio Gramsci. The monument is the pride of Giacomo Cagnes, the Communist who was mayor of Comiso for about 25 years and who now heads the local peace and disarmament committee, CUDIP, that opposes the Cruise missile base.

Recently, a group of young German pacifists gave the monument a good

ITALY

Missile foes face tough fight



Former Comiso Mayor Giacomo Cagnes, leader of the local peace movement, points to a monument to the World War II resistance movement.

cleaning up. It was intended as a public sign of penance for crimes committed by their fathers back when it was the Luftwaffe rather than the U.S. Air Force that used the airport outside Comiso (to bomb the British on Malta). It is a fair guess that the young Germans are more thrilled by the monument's significance than the Comiso youth, who, in reaction to the super-politicization of a decade ago, want nothing to do with politics and least of all with political parties.

The backbone of CUDIP is a curious combination of middle-aged old leftists like Giacomo Cagnes from Comiso and devoted pacifists from West Germany and Holland who have come to do volunteer liaison work and are paid by Protestant churches in their countries.

At its founding in 1981, CUDIP was immediately supported and housed by *Costruzione Sud*, a thriving construction cooperative founded in 1971 by Giovanni Giurandella, an idealistic mason whose family socialism went back to the old farmers' league. Comiso farmers got rid of the big landowners back in the 17th century. The land is fertile, the people are well-educated and hard-working. The region's greenhouse farming is compared to Israel's for its productivity. Most of the local produce is marketed through farmers' cooperatives located in the larger neighboring town of Vittoria.

"I could have been a private entrepreneur," says Giurandella. But instead he

slump just in time to make the American missile base look like the town's main chance for recovery.

From 1981 to 1982, the number of authorized building starts plummeted from 253 to 63. Comiso was reclassified as a riskier seismic zone, requiring altered building plans and more time-consuming red tape. A town contract for a new hospital was taken away from *Costruzione Sud*. Comiso, which had enjoyed full employment, soon counted 3,000 job-seekers out of its population of 27,000.

Costruzione Sud refused on principle to help build the base. A trucking cooperative that took the same stand has already been driven out of business. The contracts for work on the base have been awarded to out-of-town firms, which sub-contract repeatedly, spreading the money around among middle-men. The amount left for those who actually do the work is small.

Risky business.

This way of doing business can be fatal to cooperatives. It is the Mafia style, although there is no proof that the contractors are in fact *Mafiosi*.

But it has been confirmed that the Palermo Mafia has bought almost all the prosperous farmland around the town of Acate, just on the other side of Vittoria. So the Mafia has at last come to Ragusa province, if only because the international

Continued on following page

Continued from preceding page

al heroin trade has raked in so much money that the Mafia is in a position to buy practically everything. The Palermo *Mafiosi* reportedly made irresistibly high bids for the Acate land.

Santino's point is that, with all this money, the Mafia is beyond merely exploiting a military base for its adjacent vices. It appears ready and able to make a bid for hegemony as the uncontested ruling class in Sicily—and perhaps beyond. After all, the Sicilian-American Mafia has learned to operate in the urban centers of advanced capitalism. Santino defines the present-day Mafia as "a bourgeoisie that accumulates wealth and exercises domination by a mixture of illegal and legal methods." The Mafia organizational model has thrived because "Italian reality has more and more become a sort of Byzantium, in which intrigue, plots, blackmail, violence in all its forms are becoming the normal way to carry on political struggle."

In Comiso, the initial reaction to the decision to put the Cruise missile base at the nearby abandoned airport was overwhelmingly negative. A recent international poll showed that Italy is the Western country where fear of war is greatest and opposition to any use of nuclear weapons is unconditional—and Comiso is certainly no exception. But, Cagnes explains, it is actually the people's political sophistication that tends to protests. Italians believe that their country does not carry the weight to oppose a power like the U.S.

After two years, a certain polarization seems to have developed that could isolate those in Comiso who are actively protesting the missile base. Catalano has focused his attacks on the foreign pacifists, suggesting that they are vagabonds, drug peddlers paid by Moscow to "destabilize" the West. The feminists of the international women's peace camp in particular remain alien to a culture that is advanced in many ways but rigidly tradi-

tional when it comes to sex roles.

Angelo Nicosi, a lifelong socialist who owns a hardware store in the main shopping street of Comiso next to the new CUDIP office, admires the young pacifists who come all the way from northern Europe to work for peace. "They have made big sacrifices for their ideal," he says. Nicosi rented his house to the peace pilgrims and since then has been repeatedly warned by town officials that he could get into trouble for housing the potential "saboteurs."

Nicosi publicly resigned from the Socialist Party over the missile issue, protesting that PSI leaders had betrayed the party's "glorious pacifist tradition." Nicosi wrote in an open letter to PSI leaders that he was "convinced that we adults, of whatever political or religious ideology, have the sacred duty to work to leave our children and coming generations a clean, peaceful world free of the horrible danger of nuclear war."

Although he said he was and always would be a socialist, Nicosi agreed to run as an independent peace candidate on the Communist Party list for the municipal elections on June 26. But the Communist Party put the principled Socialist so far down on its list that he was not among the 14 elected to the municipal council.

Yet the Communists score was a victory that seemed to offer Comiso a last chance to say "no" to the missile base because Catalano's conservative coalition lacked a majority and, it appeared, might have to make a deal with the PCI. After a long deadlock, the council met on September 5 and, in a tumultuous session, re-elected Catalano mayor. This happened because of a surprise vote switch by one of the Communist councilors, a businessman recently converted to the PCI who abruptly joined Catalano's conservative coalition. Martin Kohler, a German Protestant volunteer working at CUDIP, reports that shortly before another PCI councilor had allegedly been offered 35 million lire (more than \$20,000) to change his vote. He refused. But Kohler

reports that town gossip has it that the price was subsequently raised.

Kohler, whose salary for his legal office work at CUDIP is paid by German churches, has been without a residence visa since it was inexplicably refused on June 30 and remains in Italy thanks only to a large international protest. But all the foreign peace volunteers in Comiso are subject to increasing harassment, ranging from unprovoked police questioning to mysterious house breakins at night.

Meanwhile, the American military personnel have been arriving in small weekly batches since May. Regional newspapers report that they are polite and spend little money, often splitting a pizza between two or more people.

As unemployment rises in Comiso, people look increasingly to the base as a potential source of jobs. But the Americans insist on going around Italian regulations to screen employees "for security reasons." This involves five "character witnesses" who can, of course, vouch for the applicant's anti-Communism.

The actual base construction has been so slow that people wonder if the U.S. really intends to station missiles at Comiso or has some other purpose in mind. The recent announcement that the Air Force was bringing the Cruise missiles into the big Sigonella base outside Catania, without waiting for the Comiso base to be completed, aroused further perplexity. It was a brutal reminder of how little Italians have to say, or even know, about the military uses the Americans feel free to make of their territory.

Comiso seems only one point in ambitious plans to transform Sicily into the U.S.' main "aircraft carrier" in the Mediterranean.

Coming apart at the seams.

In April 1982, Comiso's neighbor Vittoria was the first of about 70 Italian towns to officially declare itself a "nuclear-free zone." Vittoria is as solidly Communist as Bologna. But even there, something is

beginning to come apart. ... have money to spend from their parents who "made it," yet have few job prospects of their own. In the past three years, heroin has invaded the area. This year there are 400 addicts under treatment.

This is, of course, the perfect time for the Mafia to move in. When asked by Kohler what the Communist municipality of Vittoria could do to save itself from Mafia encroachment, Umberto Santino said officials would need to find out about Mafia projects and oppose them from the start. "If the investigating officials do not want to die early, they must inform the population and bring it into the struggle," Santino emphasized. "There can be no private fight against the Mafia."

But the public fight against the Mafia requires proposing an entire economic, social and cultural alternative. As Santino notes, there is truth in the saying that the Mafia brings "not only blood, but bread." And the Mafia system is profitable to many small dealers.

Santino thinks the left must help develop a sort of "collective entrepreneur" to stimulate an open and democratic economic development. He also believes it is important to "turn around the culture of violence that is established in people's heads and provides the fertile fields for Mafia criminality."

Santino would like to create a "peace house" in Palermo, where the sort of research he is now doing could be combined with crafts, giving skills and work to young people, as a contribution to a well-rounded "peace culture."

In Comiso (27,000 inhabitants and not a single hotel) there are plans to build some permanent structures at the summer peace camp near the base. This summer's International Movement Against Cruise (IMAC) meetings were judged a big success, and this month jurists met in Catania to condemn the illegality of nuclear weapons. The struggle for a "peace culture" is just beginning. ■

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By Susan Jaffe

L O N D O N

WITH THE RECENT ARRIVAL of American Cruise missiles in Britain, the British peace movement and its American counterpart suffered a major blow. Dedicated to reducing and even eliminating nuclear weapon stockpiles, antinuclear activists could not stop the new missiles—each 15 times more powerful than a single Hiroshima bomb—that many believe represent the last step in the arms race before Armageddon.

But if Ronald Reagan and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher think they've flogged the peace movement into submission, they're in for a surprise. Cruise opposition has never been stronger in Britain and new strategy against the missiles is much more radical than before.

This development may only be, according to a *London Times* editorial, "the last gasp of a campaign which has clearly failed and whose outer fringes could now turn to increasingly desperate activities to stop by violence what could not be stopped by democratic means." Or perhaps it is a phenomenon Dr. Samuel Johnson observed in Britain more than 200 years ago: "When a man knows he is going to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully."

The peace movement on both sides of the Atlantic had been playing guessing games with the Pentagon about when Cruise would arrive, if the missiles would even work, and if the Geneva negotiations would delay deployment? Hopes and rumors may have confused what is now an irrefutable fact: Cruise missiles

prompt a reversal. First to be considered is the effect of public opinion. Though Thatcher views her landslide June re-election as an endorsement of Cruise deployment, public opinion polls tell a different story. In early November, the *Daily Mail* reported that only 6 percent of Britons supported deployment if Britain can't stop a launching from British soil. Thatcher insists that launching will be a joint British-American decision, but no evidence has been produced of an agreement with the Americans, and Heseltine has said a dual-control system is too expensive to build. (The Pentagon claims the U.S. has total, independent control of Cruise.)

Of course, polls can be easily ignored unless British peace groups channel public sentiment into public action and make life uncomfortable for the Conservative Thatcher government. On October 22, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) rallied 400,000 supporters in London's Hyde Park for the largest antinuclear protest in British history. CND gained nearly 30,000 new members in



BRITAIN

Arrival of Cruise missiles intensifies antinuke campaign



The women protesters at Greenham Common air base tore down nearly a mile of fence in a sneak attack on the nuclear facility.

are now part of the American nuclear arsenal, sitting just 50 miles from London at the American Air Force base at Greenham common.

That fact alone is not a victory for the Thatcher and Reagan governments. When British Defense Minister Michael Heseltine told the House of Commons that the first Cruise missiles had been delivered to Greenham, he was shouted down by calls of "Shame! Shame!" from the opposition Labour Party. Nearly a dozen women in the public gallery began wailing and had to be forcibly removed. Outside, police surrounded Parliament and the prime minister's residence to keep protesters away.

At week's end, more than 500 arrests were made outside Parliament and at Greenham. Even Heseltine was forced to tell Parliament it is never too late to send the missiles back to the States. "NATO deployment is planned to be completed over a five-year period. It can be halted, modified or reversed at any time if results in Geneva warrant it," he said.

British peace activists hope that results in their own country, if not Geneva, will

1983 and hundreds of thousands of members in local branches support CND's call for unilateral disarmament—including 22 nationwide trade unions representing 6.5 million workers.

Last year CND forced the cancellation of the government's nationwide civil defense exercise after pressuring local authorities not to participate. More than 175 local councils in England have declared themselves "nuclear-free zones" and are on record against civil defense planning. But only a few days after the historic Hyde Park rally, Parliament passed Thatcher's compulsory civil defense rules, which make non-cooperation a crime. A week later, still oblivious to public opinion, Parliament reconfirmed its support for Cruise deployment by a wide margin.

CND has responded with a new strategy: "We'll make Cruise unusable," Kent threatens. "We'll be tracking them wherever they go. There will be direct action, there will be obstruction."

Under an agreement with Britain, the U.S. can't launch Cruise missiles from inside the air base. The missiles will be moved into the countryside on trucks

(each missile is accompanied by a caravan of 22 vehicles) driving along narrow public roads and parked eventually under trees or other camouflage up to 100 miles away. Because the missiles at Greenham must be assembled and tested, Kent adds, "we'll also be asking the trade unions to deny the government the facilities they need to make the missiles operational."

According to reports in the *Observer*, this strategy has already had an effect. The paper's Washington sources say that practice maneuvers for the missiles have been abandoned for the near future. The Americans have decided to keep their missiles safely behind the Greenham fence.

Until now, CND has not encouraged "obstruction" or other actions leading to arrest. Civil disobedience was a tactic cherished by the "Greenham women"—as they are known throughout Europe—who illegally pitched their tents at the roadside near each of the five entrances to the base two years ago. Their "peace camp" has become a permanent addition to the base, a 24-hour, seven-days-a-week protest against deployment.

On December 11, more than 30,000 women surrounded the base. They played musical instruments, sang songs and banged on pots and pans in what was billed as a protest to "make a sound against Cruise." Sections of the nine-mile perimeter fence, which had been repaired, were again taken down and 66 women were arrested by police for attempting to enter the base. Fifteen women succeeded in getting on to the base and were arrested by the military before reaching the bunkers housing the missiles. Despite Heseltine's threat, soldiers did not open fire on the women.

With CND and even some Labour members of Parliament now embracing civil disobedience, the imaginative Greenham women have introduced two new tactics into the peace movement. Because the use of nuclear weapons happens to be illegal in Britain and the U.S., Greenham women are suing Ronald Reagan, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and other top Pentagon brass to remove the Cruise missiles and stop deployment. Representatives Ted Weiss (D-N.Y.) and Ron Dellums (D-Calif.) have joined the British plaintiffs, claiming that deployment deprives Congress of its constitutional right to declare war. The American government has asked a federal district court judge in New York, where the suit was filed in November, to dismiss the case because foreign policy decisions (legal or not) are matters for Congress and the president, and not subject to review by the courts. A decision to hear or dismiss the case is expected this month.

The Greenham women have used another tactic to energize beleaguered peace activists. On October 30 Britons discovered on their Sunday paper's front page that during the previous afternoon, 2,000 women tore down nearly a mile of fence at Greenham while, inside, surprised troops watched helplessly. Local police rushed to the scene and managed to arrest 187 women (for committing or intending to commit criminal damage) and confiscated 140 heavy duty wire cutters. The women succeeded in proving to both government and antinuclear skeptics that the base was vulnerable and that the "Greenham women" were not about to surrender.

"It was an action prepared totally by word of mouth," says Greenham peace camper Helen John. "Our remarkable authorities have the most sophisticated surveillance machinery and yet they didn't know it was going to happen. It was to demonstrate that women have got a power that hasn't even been tapped properly yet. And it worked."

Defense Minister Heseltine only helped the women's cause when he said in Parliament that Cruise protesters could be shot if they tried to enter the base by cutting or climbing over the fence. He explained that the Americans could not distinguish between bonafide protesters and terrorists disguised as protesters.

Instead of being frightened by Heseltine, many Greenham women told reporters they were willing to be killed for their beliefs if necessary. Under further questioning by members of Parliament, Heseltine refused to back down or modify his threat.

Following the lead of the Greenham women's lawsuit and their successful "attack" of the base, the antinuclear movement is mounting a new and radical campaign with CND planning massive civil disobedience. Even though it is harder to undo what is already done, the presence of the Cruise missiles has made the nuclear issue far more urgent than before. Deployment was never approved by British voters and as the opinion polls indicate, it would be overwhelmingly rejected if put to a vote. There is still time to send the missiles back home.

"Deployment of the 96 missiles will last five more years," says Meg Beresford, one of the 26 members of CND's Executive Council. "It's not something that happens in December and that's the end of it. I think there's still a good chance, if we continue to put the pressure on, that we can get the government to take them away."

Susan Jaffe writes on nuclear issues for the *Village Voice*.

Our Critics' Choices

BEST BO

The View
The Price of Po
My Mother's
Inside Prime
Baseball's Great Experiment
Power Bitter
A Day of Life

James Weinstein

After reading manuscripts all week, I don't have much patience for reading books in my spare time. So there are few books that I manage to get through. Among those that I did finish this year, Alice Walker's *The Color Purple* was the easiest because it was the cleverest and most moving, and Stanley Sultan's *Rabbi* was the most difficult, because it was a largely intellectual exploration of the clash between talmudic and modern American cultures. I learned a lot from both.

In the non-fiction department, Nick Salvatore's *Eugene V. Debs* was a model of historical examination of American socialism. It makes clear the relationship of corporate capitalism and changing American values with the emergence of a popular movement for socialism in the early years of this century. It also focuses on the ways in which Debs' life intersected with the experience of working people in their exclusion from the fruits of 19th-century democratic ideals. Debs emerges as a real person in a real world, one whose political evolution—and his charismatic appeal—are entirely understandable.

Of an entirely different order, Zhores Medvedev's *Andropov* is a political biography that takes a hard, unusually well-informed and balanced look at the Soviet Union's new (though maybe short-lived) leader. For anyone who wants to know what to expect from Andropov and the Soviets under his leadership, this book is a must.

Finally, as *ITT* readers know, I found Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton's *The Rosenberg File* to be a persuasive examination of the Rosenberg case. Its strength was in its examination of the evidence and circumstances surrounding

Julius' involvement in espionage. Its weakness was in avoiding a more serious examination of the way in which the case was used to promote the Cold War.

Lawrence Weschler

My favorite book this year is *The Emperor: Downfall of an Autocrat*, by Ryszard Kapuscinski. After the fall of Haile Selassie in 1974, Kapuscinski, one of Poland's premier foreign correspondents, returned to Ethiopia to seek out the courtiers who were now hiding, secreted in caves and hovels, in fear for their lives. He collected their voices and recast them in an extraordinarily spare and haunting manuscript, *The Emperor*, which appeared this year in the U.S. superbly translated by William and Katarzyna Brand. The book works on at least four levels simultaneously: (1) as chronicle, inspired reporting of the often bizarre particulars of contemporary Ethiopian history; (2) as specific allegory to the situation in Poland. (When the book was published in Warsaw in 1978, everyone immediately recognized the uncanny allusions to the Giermek regime in Kapuscinski's account of berserk bureaucratization, rampant corruption, revolts "in the north" leading to massacres, which were in turn followed by ambitious development schemes in which massive foreign loans somehow failed to find their ways to the poor on whose behalf they had initially been elicited. Indeed, the only reason Giermek is thought to have allowed the book's publication is his fear that by censoring it he would have been acknowledging the similarities between his and Selassie's regimes. Poles for their part were buoyed by the chronicle's implicit prophecy of the inevitable downfall of such autocracies, and during the Solidarity period, a few years later, seven separate theater renditions of *The Emperor* toured the

country); (3) as general allegory (*The Emperor* reads like the nightmare of Machiavelli's prince, the darkest foreboding of any and every autocrat); and (4) as literature of the highest order—subtle, supple, ironic, elegant, passionate, utterly absorbing. On my shelf, I've slid Kapuscinski's book right in there between Kafka and Garcia Marquez, where it belongs.

David Moberg

Ted Berrigan, who died earlier this year at age 48, was far more than a fine, funny poet whose whimsy always danced about the sober, serious issues of life—issues that could suddenly burst through his joking, his accounts of daily existence ("I do this and I do that" poems), his lists, his gossip and his chatter.

He was also a remarkable stimulus to other writers, a central figure of a wide-ranging group of poets and other artists that has outgrown its old label ("the New York School"), and a friend/mentor to hundreds of young writers. His *C* magazine of the early '60s spawned dozens of other little magazines and helped to forge an aesthetic alliance between traditions of French (surrealist and other) and American poetry (from Whitman to often neglected contemporaries, such as the elegant Edwin Denby, who also died this year and who inspired one of Berrigan's earliest successes, *The Sonnets*).

Berrigan's poems combined adventure in form and an American colloquialism that ran on with a speedy enthusiasm, hopping madly from one association or memory to another observation. There was always a meaningful aspect of his persistent playfulness. For example, in "Today's News" he wrote: "The situation having become intolerable/ the only alternatives are:/ Murder & Suicide./ They are too dumb! So, one becomes a goof."

Despite his vocation as 'Goof' in the face of a crazy world, Berrigan's clowning covered a set of values of love, art, friendship and enjoyment of the tidbits of daily doings. As I reread, in the wake of his death, the most extensive collection of his poetry now available, *So Going Around Cities: New and Selected Poems 1959-1979* (Blue Wind Press, Box 7175, Berkeley, Calif. 94707, \$7.95), I was surprised how much death figured in his poetry—from the opening poem about the death of his father, to the last section, called "Not Dying: 1977-1979"—never is burdened with the leaden or gravity associated with those mortality. After playing around in autobiography, Berrigan can "Last Poem" with what now can stand as an epitaph:

*The pills kept me going, until now. Love and work,
Were my great happinesses, that other people die the source
Of my great, terrible, & articulate grief.
In my time
I grew tall & huge of frame, obviously possessed
Of a disconnected head. I had a perfect heart. The end
Came quickly & completely without pain, one quiet night as I
Was sitting, writing, next to you in bed, words chosen randomly
From a tired brain, it, like them, suitable, & fitting.
Let none regret my end who called me friend.*

Diana Johnstone

As an early conscientious objector to the war between the sexes, I much appreciated Barbara Ehrenreich's *The Hearts of Men*, especially the early chapters which, I think, most accurately get to the point about hostilities on the American

Books 1983

The Emperor

The Color Purple

The Obsession

battlefront in recent decades. This depressing tale is actually made enjoyable by Ehrenreich's fine style and humor.

The other book I would recommend is in French, although I hope there may soon be an American edition. It was published this year as *Vietnam un peuple, des voix*, by Pierre Horay, a publisher who got cold feet about mentioning that the "voices" interviewed in the book are the voices of Vietnamese women. The author is Mai Thu Van, born in French New Caledonia of a Vietnamese mother. Mai set out to discover her Vietnamese motherland through its women in the hard post-war years 1978 to 1982. The resulting passionately clear-headed view of daily life in this tragically ruined land cuts through the veils of ideology that usually obscure such questions as women's liberation and communist bureaucracy. Listening, as Mai knows how to listen, to these women of Vietnam is an experience in reality and political consciousness.

David Darcy

The Emperor: Downfall of an Autocrat, by Ryszard Kapuscinski, is a reconstructed vision of the court of the Ethiopian empire and its collapse, told in the voices of those who had privileged access to the imperial palace. Kapuscinski, a veteran journalist who has covered the Third World for two decades, has created a frightening parable about the abuse and indifference of arbitrary power.

Ariel Dorfman

The most important and riveting book I read this year, at least in English, is *South of Nowhere*, a novel by the Portuguese writer Antonio Lobo Antunes. It is a stunning literary experience. Americans could well use this dissection of the war in Angola by a disenfranchised vet to meditate on heroism and destruction, on the way

Sylvia



I'VE BEEN READING SEYMOUR HERSH'S BOOK: THE PRICE OF POWER, AND I EXPECT IT'LL TAKE ME A DECADE OR SO TO FINISH IT. NICOLE HOLLANDER READS ONLY MYSTERIES AND THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER... WHY DON'T YOU ASK HARRY?



Harry

The Rothko Legacy by Lee Seldes
The Great War and Modern Memory, by Paul Fussell
The Jean Harris Story by Shana Alexander
Bergasse 19, Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna 1938, by Edmund Engelman
Girls and Boys, by Lynda J. Barry

Pat Aufderheide

I was drawn to fiction this year, not just old favorites (Zora Neale Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, for instance) but more-or-less current releases. The most disturbing and affecting novel, for me, was J.M. Coetzee's *Waiting for the Barbarians*, an allegorical tale of the beclouded relationship between well-intentioned imperial citizens and dominated peoples. Also revealing the ironies of imperial culture was Paul Theroux's *The Mosquito Coast*, which made black

comedy of intransigent American innocence and confidence in progress. Two novels by black women, Alice Walker's *The Color Purple* and Gloria Naylor's *The Women of Brewster Place*, testified to the vitality of literary experiment among communities whose voice has been long muffled. Two novels in translation brought me the terms and textures of other cultures. Manlio Argueta's *A Day of Life* was a voyage into the hearths and hearts of a Salvadoran peasant community. Shusako Endo's *The Samurai*, written by a Christian Japanese about an encounter between Japanese and Europeans in the 17th century, rooted questions of belief in a historical culture-clash. Finally, there was the new novel by the extraordinary writer Eva Figs (*Waking*). *Light* recaptures a day in the life of painter Claude Monet; Figs turns language into an immediate, transcendent experience.

Two nonfiction books that particularly stuck with me—I bought copies for friends, the highest compliment—were *The Emperor: Downfall of an Autocrat*, by Polish journalist Ryszard Kapuscinski; and *USSR, The Corrupt Society: The Secret World of Soviet Capitalism*, by Constantin Simis, a Russian criminal judge who defected. The first gives "state formation" a made-for-the-movies look, with its astonishingly revealing interviews with courtiers from Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie's palace. The second fascinates less for its expose value than for its earnest naivete about the structure of justice in the U.S., which is Simis' foil. *USSR* shows that the psychology of bureaucratic whistle-blowers crosses state and cultural borders. Among reference books, *World View 1983* became a daily habit—it provides instant background-

Continued on page 22

LETTERS

In These Times is an independent newspaper committed to democratic pluralism and to helping build a popular movement for socialism in the United States. Our pages are open to a wide range of views on the left, both socialist and non-socialist. Except for editorial statements appearing on the editorial page, opinions expressed in columns and in feature or news stories are those of the author and are not necessarily those of the editors. We welcome comments and opinion pieces from our readers.

CURE

I BECAME A BUNDLE OF HOPELESSLY relativistic nonsense a long time ago. The only time of the week I give up drinking too much, and feeling strangely sad, is when that issue of *In These Times* arrives to give me a little hope.

—Tom Lauton
Detroit

R-R-REAL VICTIMS

MARTY OPPENHEIMER WANTED TO write about the lesser victims, the rank-and-filers who suffered the slings and arrows of McCarthyism instead of the "stars" of center stage. Minor victims, indeed! Professors? Associate professors? Members of campus clubs? Why don't you talk to some black-listed seamen and industrial workers? Those who have been hauled before HUAC and the Senate committee and televised, not only locally but nationally and spread across the front pages of all the major newspapers. Talk about harassment and star-chamber inquisitions, tell me about it!

If and when the American worker is liberated from the shackles of capitalist exploitation, it will be Joe Worker who does it, not the primadonna campus adventurists.

—Ted Means
New Orleans

NO OBLIGATION

ALLOW ME TO SUGGEST THAT YOU should be more discriminating in the letters department. Readers naturally have all sorts of opinions, including opinions that are flat-earthish, cheese-moonish and outer-space-ish. But this doesn't oblige you to air these views when they arrive in the mail. Can't the people who regard Zionism and Nazism as somehow linked, and who in general bear heavy axes against the Jews, send their letters to journals that

specialize in such opinions? There are many such journals, they have large circulations, and we would all, as democrats, defend to the death their right to exist. Meanwhile, the letters page of *ITT* might do better publishing points of view that are consistent with the general ethics of democratic socialism.

—Paul Berman
New York

IN SPAIN THEY SAY SI, SI

THERE ARE RUMORS OF AN INSIDIOUS scheme of the Soviet Union to bankrupt America, destroy world capitalism and retake Grenada.

Under the code name Da-da-da (Russian for yes-yes-yes), the USSR is said to have fabricated 10,000 inflatable intermediate ICBMs. They are stored in a cave in the Ural Mountains. In our spy satellite photos the da-da-das are indistinguishable from the real thing, but they cost only \$12.95 each, compared with \$1.2 million for the real thing.

At a strategic time the da-da-das will be inflated and pointed toward the U.S. Although the CIA might suspect something funny about such a remarkable increase in death-power, nevertheless, we will be forced to build 10,000 new real missiles, just to be safe. The results will be inevitable: bankruptcy, worldwide financial crisis and the liquidation of all American assets, including Grenada.

—David Selden
Kalamazoo, Mich.

GREYHOUND

IN YOUR REPORT ON THE GREYHOUND strike by members of the Amalgamated Transit Union (*ITT*, Dec. 1), you should have pointed out that the national boycott against Greyhound Bus Lines was sanctioned and organized by the AFL-CIO. The ATU asked for the boycott action and approval was granted.

by the AFL-CIO Executive Council in a matter of hours. This became the focus of the massive demonstration of support for the strikers by the entire labor movement.

—Murray Seeger
Director, Department of Information,
AFL-CIO, Washington, D.C.

MASS GRAVES ARE WHERE YOU DON'T FIND THEM

IN REGARD TO THE FRENETIC SEARCH for "mass graves" that was conducted by the conquerors of Grenada, several passages in Chomsky and Herman's book *The Washington Connection and Third World Fascism* (South End Press, 1979) may serve to illuminate the meaning of this activity:

"These mythical or semi-mythical bloodbaths have served an extremely important public relations function in mobilizing support for U.S. military intervention. This was particularly true in the case of Vietnam. Public opinion tended to be negative and the war-makers had to labor mightily to keep people in line.... The great public relations lesson of Vietnam, nevertheless, is that the 'big lie' can work, despite occasional slippages of a free press. Not only can it survive and provide service regardless of entirely reasonable or even definitive refutations, but certain patriotic truths also can be established firmly for the majority by constant repetition. With the requisite degree of cooperation by the mass media, the government can engage in 'atrocities management' with almost assured success, by means of sheer weight of information releases, the selective use of reports of alleged enemy acts of atrocity, and the creation and embroidery of bloodbath stories and myths.... At the same time, our own atrocities can be dismissed as the 'unintended consequences of military action.'" (page 97)

Nowhere do we read of U.S. Marines—or reporters—searching for mass graves in Guatemala, nor is much attention given to the deaths of tens of thousands at the hands of that country's "friendly" government.

—Ann Tattersall
Eugene, Ore.

SPIRITUALITY

ALTHOUGH I HAVEN'T READ HARRINGTON, I must respond to the smug and misleading attitude of the reviewer (*ITT*, Nov. 16). Christopher Hitchens repeatedly equates organized religion with human spirituality, implicitly reinforcing the monopoly frequently claimed by patriarchal religious institutions. The author's patronizing attitude toward "faith" smacks of a positivist, crude materialism to which Karl Marx never adhered. Reductionism such as this contributes to the left's failure to address many people's emotional and spiritual needs.

If the German left had been more open to the ideas of Gustave Landauer and Wilhelm Reich, perhaps the Nazis would not have been able to exploit people's need for transcendence in life-denying ways. Reich's work didn't "collapse out of eccentricity and foolishness." It was also suppressed by the German Communist Party and the Freudians, who both felt threatened by the grassroots empowerment of people.

Therefore while agreeing with Hitchens' rejection of the major premises and abuses of institutional Christianity and other religions, I reject his statement that "if the religious promise is good or true, then there is no absolute need for socialism and therefore the believer must always be joining in spite of his or her beliefs."

He implicitly accepts a reduction of the spiritual quest to an otherworldly salvation as the only possible form it can take. But there are many counterexamples that center the spiritual quest on transforming the world, and include the idea of God as immanent. Examples include Sri Aurobindo's life and work,

much of the Taoist tradition, and many Western pagan and esoteric Christian traditions before they were suppressed by the Church (see *The Death of Nature* by Carolyn Merchant or *Dreaming the Dark*, by Starhawk).

I argue in my book, *New Age Socialism* that the spiritual transformation of humanity can only be collective, and be achieved only concurrent with the creation of a global decentralized socialist society that allows human potential to realize itself. But spiritual struggle is still the heart of our struggle for a divine life here. We only hurt the possibility of human freedom by denying it.

—Michael Wyatt
Madison, Wis.

KRUSHCHEV II?

IF THE SHOWING OF *THE DAY AFTER* has sparked more thinking and talking about the future of the world, it has served a useful purpose. But it has proved something else very crucial: the importance of the battle of ideas. Even before the picture was shown, the Jerry Falwells and Phyllis Schlaflys, *et al.*, did not want the picture to be shown at all, feeling—correctly—that those who had been lulled to sleep about the dangers to our world might awaken. They demanded equal time, but, as it turns out, their views and that of the Reagan administration and the Pentagon have had much more than their time: they swamp the airwaves and all the media with their dangerous primitive nonsensical calls for peace through strength.

In the *Nightline* discussion hosted by Ted Koppel following the film, I knew as soon as I heard the lineup of guests what they were going to do. Carl Sagan was to be the lamb led to the slaughter. He held to his point, admirably, that nuclear war was an unthinkable disaster, worse than we had previously estimated. But when it came to the subject of how to prevent it, the rest, led by Henry Kissinger, who was at the center of the most unspeakable crimes that past administrations committed, such as in Vietnam and Chile, had no problem in disposing of Carl Sagan. The stated and unstated basis of all the torrents of words since the film has been: how do we prevent an attack by the Soviet Union on the U.S.? The egocentric image used is that we are Christ-like sufferers at the hands of an enemy; never the possibility that we may be just as much to blame for the tensions in the world as the Soviets.

Just two days after the showing of *The Day After* there were ceremonies commemorating the death of John F. Kennedy. And when the media recounted the "eyeball-to-eyeball" confrontation between President Kennedy and Krushchev, something struck me forcefully. Kennedy and his administration considered it "unacceptable" that there should be Russian missiles on "our doorstep" in Cuba. Krushchev had the good sense to recognize the danger and pulled the missiles out. Robert Kennedy recounts how frightened he and his brother were knowing that if the Russians did not back down it could have led to nuclear war.

Now, the exact same thing has happened in reverse! We are putting deadly Pershing II and Cruise missiles on the Soviet Union's doorstep. Will President Reagan have the same sense that Krushchev did and back down? The Russians have had tragic experience in the devastations of their homeland. The only military experience our president has had was fighting celluloid wars in Hollywood. President Reagan just won "The 1983 DoubleSpeak Award" for such statements as calling the MX missile the "Peacekeeper" and condemning the arming of rebels in Central America and calling for a buildup in Europe in a way that is actually a buildup of nuclear strength. Can we hope that a man such as this will show the same good sense that Krushchev did?

—Don Amter
New York

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STQ1

By Lester Rodney

PROVING ANEW THAT readers leap to the type-writer when they don't like something, and rarely when they do like something, I never wrote to say that Pat Aufderheide's dissection of *The Bill Chill's* phoniness (*ITT*, Oct. 12) was a critical classic, or to praise some of her other gems. But I just caught the film *Under Fire*, and went back to Pat's oddly pedantic review (*ITT*, Nov. 9) that, combined with the picky reservations of your three journalistic experts, amounted to a turn-off of *In These Times* readers to the film. Good grief!

Take my word for it, readers, if *Under Fire's* still around, rush to see it. Better yet, take Aufderheide's word for it. Somewhere between her negative beginning and conclusion, she does mention the "high production values," the "nightly news authenticity" and says it "vividly renders the feeling of being in the middle of someone else's war." She also notes that it is on the right and truthful side historically, taking sides "visually and thematically" with the Sandinista revolution against the murderous and corrupt dictator Somoza. (This, mind you, running through the main movie chains—not the little art theaters—at a time when Congress ho hums and votes more millions for Somoza's old National Guard to murder teachers, doctors, nurses and farmers.)

Aufderheide says she can accept that the central characters are Americans in a film made for Americans, but she cannot accept what the Americans *do*. All right, what *did* they do? Did they sell their souls to the rich and powerful side? Trim their journalistic sails to Washington's pro-Somoza bias? Act in a way not psychologically logical? None of the above.

The main character, a photographer, doesn't go as far as real life reporter Jim Lardner during the Spanish Civil War (Lardner resigned his Associated Press post and took up a gun with the anti-fascists against Franco and Hitler). The photographer, urged by revolutionaries to use his photographic skill to fake a photo that will help the revolutionary cause, feels heavy conflict because he is basically not a political guy. But he finally takes the photo. This can take a Newspaper Guild discussion about journalistic objectivity in practice, but not about the act making *Under Fire* an inferior movie.

Aufderheide, and the other writers in *In These Times*, also disapproves of the invention of a charismatic revolutionary leader. "It's one strong man losing out to another—Somoza to Rafael," she says. Sounds trenchant, but it's meaningless, and unfair, because the review has already noted that from the start, *Under Fire* emphatically shows the revolution is "a mass movement of the Nicaraguan people against the Somoza dictatorship."

Why shouldn't the filmmakers invent a character to further the story line? This is a movie, not a documentary or a history seminar. A movie, what's more, that seeks to bring customers to the box office cash in hand despite a subject usually fatal to that desired end—"politics." The character of Rafael is in no way out of historic context. There were in fact dozens of heroic and charismatic Rafaels (and Rafaellas) in the revolution, not all of whom came to our attention in Chicago or Southern California.

Certainly it is valid for a reviewer to explain that the character is fictional, that the melodramatics are laid on a bit thick in the photographer's choice to fake the photo, and that there is a possible over-importance attributed to the press. Such comments belong in the middle of a review, between a positive beginning and conclusion. But that's not what *Under Fire* is about. Listen to the people talking about it on the way out of the theater for what it's about. We are backing the wrong side in Nicaragua.

I am not here implying that we should praise bad art because it is on the right side. That leads to the loss of critical credibility, along with reviewing honesty.

DIALOG

No cultural commissar, but a sectarian approach to film

But this movie is not bad art. The very opposite. By general agreement, it is a beautifully done, fast-paced thriller.

The triple blindsiding of such a film at such a time in *In These Times* takes me back, way back to (sorry about this) the old *Daily Worker* newspaper, on which I toiled. The *Worker*, influential far beyond its circulation, did valuable work in

relentlessly exposing the racism of Hollywood films in which blacks were either mawkish menials or Stepin Fetchit clowns. (The other newspapers didn't seem to notice).

Now, as America changed for the better in this respect—helped along by this very criticism—and the movies finally began portraying blacks with dignity and

stature, the *Worker* was thrown into a tizzy. Nothing good can come out of Hollywood, can it? The cultural commissars decreed that this was racism with a "new look." The reviewers set about finding the super-clever trick being used to disarm the masses. Imagine the screenwriters, directors and black actors, bringing something decent involving blacks to the screen and being bashed by the left for their pains.

Not to push the *Worker-ITT* thing too far, or even to imply that it is a parallel. You have no cultural commissars, praise be. Your reviewer calls 'em as she sees 'em.

Let it go at this: Suppose that a year ago someone were to tell Aufderheide and the three other experts that coming through the big movie houses was a beautifully done film about the Nicaraguan revolution. Despite the invention of a mythical revolutionary leader, a Hollywoodish American photographer at center-stage and not enough extras in the final scene, the movie made loud and clear a message that the revolution was a triumph of the people over the Washington-backed dictator. Oh, yes, the Walter Cronkite-like TV man (Gene Hackman) expresses his contempt for our backing a "fascist government." Would you believe it?

Lester Rodney, a former editor for the *Daily Worker*, writes regularly on sports for *In These Times*.



Orion Pictures

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IN DEPTH

Freedom of speech was never guaranteed, it had to be won

By David Kairys

FREE SPEECH HAS ALWAYS been a cornerstone of our society, a constitutional right guaranteed by our founding fathers. Right? Wrong. Free speech, as we know it, is a right won by working people trying to organize unions in the first three decades of this century.

Free speech law was basically transformed in the years between 1919 and 1940. Before that, one spoke on public property only at the discretion of local, and sometimes federal, authorities. And they often prohibited speakers who wanted to talk about what they, local business leaders or other powerful interests in the community, did not want to hear.

The change in legal doctrine.

Two Supreme Court cases 40 years apart illustrate how speech law was transformed. In 1894, the Reverend William F. Davis, an evangelist and longtime opponent of slavery, attempted to preach the gospel on Boston Common, a public park. On his first attempt, Davis was incarcerated for a few weeks in the Charles Street Jail; the second time, he was fined and appealed.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts upheld Davis' conviction on the ground that a city ordinance prohibited "any public address" on public grounds without a permit from the mayor. Oliver Wendell Holmes—later a justice of the U.S. Supreme Court known for protecting freedom of speech—wrote the court's opinion. Like other state and lower federal court judges of his day, Holmes viewed the ordinance as a legitimate regulation of the use of the city's park, fully within the city's rights as property owner. "That such an ordinance is constitutional does not appear to us open to doubt," Holmes wrote. "For the Legislature absolutely or conditionally to forbid public speaking in a highway or public park is no more an infringement of the rights of a member of the public than for the owner of a private house to forbid it in his house."

The U.S. Supreme Court unanimously affirmed, quoting the private house analogy. In the only reference to it, the Court said the Constitution "does not have the effect of creating a particular and personal right in the citizen to use public property in defiance of the Constitution and laws of the state."

Forty years later, union organizers, like Rev. Davis, believed that public streets, sidewalks and parks should be open for public use. Before the '30s, labor organizers had routinely been denied freedom of speech, except in cities with reform or Socialist mayors. After Congress passed the National Labor Relations Act in 1935, the CIO sought to explain its provisions and the benefits of unions and collective bargaining to working people throughout the country. Nowhere was their reception more hostile than in Jersey City, N.J., the turf of political boss Frank Hague.

CIO plans to distribute literature on the streets and hold outdoor meetings in Jersey City were thwarted by Hague, who, in denying permits for these activities, declared: "I am the law."

But the CIO successfully brought suit against Hague. In its decision, the Supreme Court said: "Wherever the title of streets and parks may rest, they have immemorially been held in trust for the use of the public and, time out of mind, have been used for purposes of assembly, communicating thoughts between citizens and discussing public questions. Such use of the streets and public places has, from ancient times, been a part of the privileges, immunities, rights and liberties of citizens."

This established the basic concept of free speech we now take for granted, and was a direct repudiation of the theoretical basis and result in the *Davis* case. But the Court did not explicitly overrule *Davis* or discuss the lack of free speech prior to the *Hague* decision. It did not even acknowledge that it had made a fundamental change in legal doctrine. The opinion was simply an exposition of a right to freedom of speech based on a theory of natural law. And like all natural-law principles, the Court's opinion was

timeless, without historical context.

The streets and parks in the *Hague* case appear "immemorially" to have been held for the people—used for speech "time out of mind." The right of free speech now stems "from ancient times," even though some 40 years earlier the same court had ruled the streets and parks to be city property—not that of the people—subject to whatever restrictions city officials wished to impose.

Before the transformation.

Davis was the only Supreme Court decision to address basic free-speech issues before this transformation began. But state and lower federal court decisions confirm that there was no tradition of protected speech prior to World War I. Quite the opposite:

- While the ink on the First Amendment was barely dry in the 1790s, the Federalist Party tried to silence opponents with prosecutions for common-law seditious libel and violations of the Federalist-sponsored Sedition Act. The most prominent person prosecuted for sedition was Matthew Lyon, an Antifederalist member of Congress. Lyon was imprisoned and his house sold to pay his fine (nevertheless, he was re-elected in the next election). The longest prison term, two years, was served by a laborer simply for erecting a sign on a post that read: "No Stamp Act, No Sedition...Downfall to the Tyrants of America, Peace and Retirement to the President."

These prosecutions were justified by two legal doctrines that would be repeatedly resurrected later: the "bad-tendency" doctrine, which allowed prosecution for words that could, in however remote or indirect a fashion, contribute to disorder or unlawful conduct in the future; and the "constructive-intent" doctrine, which ascribed to the speaker or writer the intent to cause such consequences.

- In 1837, in response to a series of petitions against slavery, Congress banned presentation of all such petitions so that "agitation of this subject should be finally arrested, for the purpose of restoring tranquility to the public mind."

- During the 1873-74 depression, police in New York attacked a group of demonstrating unemployed workers. The city had granted a permit, but revoked it minutes before the demonstration. Unaware of the revocation, demonstrators were clubbed by platoons of police who rushed into the crowd. Two meetings in a private hall called to protest the police action were also broken up by the police.

- In 1909 Emma Goldman was to deliver a lecture entitled "Henrik Ibsen as the Pioneer of Modern Drama" at Lexington Hall in New York City. When she mentioned "Ibsen," a police sergeant mounted the speaker's platform and said she was deviating from the topic. The crowd, at first amused by this absurdity, was roughly cleared from the hall.

From 1909 to 1915, the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) conducted a nationwide campaign to challenge denials of the right to speak on public streets, sidewalks and parks. Seeking mainly to reach migratory workers in the only places possible, the Wobblies saw themselves in a "struggle for the use of the streets for free speech and the right to organize."

This struggle—in which one Wobbly after another would mount a soapbox and begin a speech with the greeting, "Fellow workers and friends"—became the focal point for employer attempts to stop IWW organizing. The four-word greeting ordinarily sufficed to cause arrest. As this process progressed, the jails soon filled. Then schools and other buildings were jammed with free speakers. This strategy regularly succeeded in winning *de facto* recognition of free speech.

- In the early 1900s, Margaret Sanger and Emma Goldman were frequently arrested and sometimes imprisoned for distributing leaflets about birth control. During several weeks in 1917, many women were arrested and imprisoned for picketing the White House in support of a constitutional amendment granting women the right to vote.

The free speech movement. While labor, religious groups and others denied freedom of expression usually viewed such denials as secondary to their substantive demands, they did raise the free-speech issue. But none of these early 1900s efforts was systematic or broadly based enough to command consistent national attention. The free-speech movement before World War I lacked a popular base, a national organization and effective organizers. After the war, it found all three in the labor movement, the National Civil Liberties Bureau [NCLB] (which became the American Civil Liberties Union in 1920) and Roger Baldwin.

The free speech movement.

In 1917 Baldwin and Crystal Eastman, a leader of the American Union Against Militarism (AUAM), convinced the board of AUAM to form an adjunct, the Civil Liberties Bureau, to oppose prosecution and harsh treatment of conscientious objectors during World War I. The bureau was greeted with hostility. The *New York Times* denounced it for "antagonizing the settled policies of our government."

The NCLB, soon separated from AUAM, took on the toughest civil liberties issues of the day: protection of conscientious objectors and the World War I Espionage Act prosecutions. The federal government responded by raiding the NCLB office and seizing all its files.

Many identified the NCLB with pacifism or even disloyalty. So it reorganized in 1920, renamed itself the American Civil Liberties Union and, according to a Baldwin memorandum, embarked on a "dramatic campaign of service to labor" with a leadership composed of labor leaders and sympathizers.

In an interview shortly before his death, Baldwin told me he viewed the free-speech issue as primarily political and only secondarily legal, and as inseparable from the rights of working people to organize and bargain collectively. "Organization was the basis of our service in the ACLU. As an organization we were powerless and therefore had to attach ourselves to the defense of movements that had power. If we had been a legal aid society helping people get their constitutional rights, as such agencies do their personal rights, we would have behaved quite differently. We would have stuck to constitutional lawyers and arguments in courts. But we did the opposite

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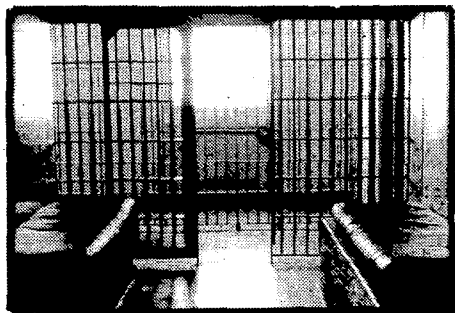
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1945—HUAC begins an investigation of seven radio commentators. HUAC spokesperson: "The time has come to determine how far you can go with free speech."

1968—At an RMN victory party, advance man J. Roy Goodearle: "Why don't we get all the members of the press and beat them up? I'm tired of being nice to them."

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—we attached ourselves to the movements we defended. We identified ourselves with their demands [and] we depended on them for money and support.”

Thus constituted and directed, in the '20s the ACLU proceeded to challenge and organize around anti-evolution statutes in the *Scopes* case, the Espionage Act prosecution of communist Benjamin Gitlow, the Sacco-Vanzetti prosecutions—and in 1937 the anti-labor and anti-free-speech actions of Boss Hague.

The process of change.

The fundamental conflict between the *Davis* and *Hague* decisions explodes widely accepted myths about the decision-making process of the courts. The justices say their decisions are determined by legal precedent and analysis. If this were so—and if the law were separate from political and social forces, as it purports to be—there should be a coherent evolution of legal doctrine.

But in both these cases the Constitution, specifically the First and Fourteenth Amendments, was the source of law. It was identical in both cases, yet *Hague* held that the First Amendment—operating against the states through the Fourteenth Amendment—established an individual right to speak on public streets, sidewalks and parks, while *Davis* had held the exact opposite.

It might be argued that there was a legal barrier to enforcement of the First Amendment in the *Davis* case since it was decided before the Supreme Court's 1925 decision that the First Amendment also applied to the states. But this only begs the question; the constitutional provisions—in the Fourteenth Amendment—were in effect since the Civil War, and the Court could have chosen to apply the First Amendment at any time thereafter. In fact, the Court had discussed the issue before the *Davis* case.

Another possible explanation might be found in earlier decisions that interpreted the general language of the First Amendment. However, in both periods there were precedents and reasoning supporting each side.

Moreover, precedents and reasoning can be distinguished, modified or discarded. The law provides judges with a variety of stylized rationalizations from which they can pick and choose. Social and political judgments guide such choices, even when they are not explicit or conscious. There is no legally required rule or result, and despite endless attempts by judges and legal scholars to find transcendent legal principles, there simply are none.

However, one can make sense of these decisions by examining the social and political contexts in which they were made. Society underwent fundamental changes between *Davis* and *Hague*. Industrialization, World War I, the Depression, the New Deal and the growth of the labor movement led to basic shifts in consciousness and political relations.

These shifts affected judges as well as society generally. Some of the judges, though from the same strata of society as *Davis* era judges, came to see the justice of some left demands. Justice Holmes' reassessment of speech rights would seem to exemplify such change. His was not a change brought on by legal research but of his and society's altered state of consciousness.

Such a social change is transmitted to and affects individuals in various ways—through mass media, public and private associations, professional groups, peer pressures. The judges, like Holmes, who came to place considerable value on freedom of speech, did so not because they were more in touch with the framers of the Constitution or were more competent judges, but because of historical and social events.

These judges generally express this new consciousness in legal terms, and many would honestly deny that their decisions stemmed from new social conditions.

Furthermore, the power of a movement like the CIO in the '30s also places judges in a bind. Though most were likely to be hostile or ambivalent toward labor

Free speech law was transformed in the years between 1919 and 1940. Before that, one spoke on public property at the discretion of local or federal authorities. The constitutional right to freedom of speech wasn't established until 1937, and then only as a result of the activities of militant labor organizations.

and the left, the demand for free speech had clear historical roots and was popular. To deny this demand in the '30s, a judge would risk fomenting a major confrontation in a period of social turmoil. Moreover, it was becoming clear that if labor could not speak and organize legally, it would do so illegally, as the IWW did, often successfully, in its free-speech fights.

Some judges might have welcomed confrontation, but others have found it preferable to bring labor's activities within and under the control of the system, as

Congress did with the NLRA.

Finally, the power of the labor movement in the '30s and the precedents favoring local control over speech also raised institutional concerns. True, upholding the right of free speech required contradicting longstanding precedents and widespread practice. But to deny this demand—so long promised on paper and so widely supported—threatened to raise a public outcry, undermine the Court's authority, and even win support for Franklin D. Roosevelt's court-packing scheme announced in 1937.

The courts rely for their legitimacy on myths about the objectivity and nonpolitical nature of judicial decision-making. This, in turn, lends a broader legitimacy to social and power relations that are reflected, articulated and enforced by the legal system.

Within this context, institutional concerns present a choice between rejecting precedent and ruling against the mainstream of political thought. There was widespread controversy about the courts in the '30s, and the Court had recently moved in the direction of the mainstream in several related decisions.

The various factors discussed here do not necessarily operate intentionally or even consciously, nor do the justices necessarily see themselves as engaged in anything other than a legal analysis. They are accustomed to expressing social and political concerns and values as legal arguments and to implementing changes expressed in legal terms without understanding the nature of the changes they were making.

Thus, even as the law was being changed, the struggle for free speech, waged largely by leftists and finally realized by the labor and left movements, was being redefined as a set of natural rights whose essence and history are legal rather than political. A false pride in the legal system has displaced a source for genuine pride in the people, who fought business interests and the government—including the courts—to achieve recognition of free speech.

David Kairys is a constitutional lawyer in Philadelphia. He is editor and co-author of The Politics of Law, A Progressive Critique. This article is excerpted from "Freedom of Speech" in The Politics of Law, ©1982 David Kairys. Reprinted by permission of Pantheon Books.

PERSPECTIVES

The life of a LETTERS page

By Susan Rubinyi-Anderson

CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION! I've suffered through issue after issue of your sorry excuse for a paper, but this last issue has finally brought my patience to an end. How could you, a supposed medium for progressive thought, have printed such a reactionary piece of drivel that sets the movement back decades, perhaps even centuries?

I'm referring, of course, to the offensive defamatory article, "Rutabagas as a Tool of Imperialism." How can you so demean this noble progressive vegetable by linking it to the excesses of the British Empire? Then you go on to insult your readers of Scandinavian descent by implying that the rutabaga's other name, the "swede," exposes secret imperialist designs of Scandinavian countries.

I assume, of course, you're aware that the author of this ignominious piece, J.G. Legume, has been president for many years of the Society for the Promotion of the Turnip. Such blatant favoritism cannot go beyond notice. Though your paper has been helping to fuel my woodstove, I can't endure its scurrilous attacks one issue longer.

Disgustedly yours,
P. Parsnip

The Author Replies:

Parship's letter sinks to hitherto unknown epistolary depths. One wonders if he even bothered to read my article at all or is merely using me as a convenient whipping post for his latest revisionary outbursts. Parship prominently mentions my presidency of SPT yet neglects to identify himself as long-time chair of

the "Rutabaga Boosters." This notoriously sectarian group is noted for its unwarranted tirades against peace-loving vegetables. This newspaper is well rid of Parsnip as a reader, if, indeed, he's capable of reading, something not readily apparent in his letter. J.G. Legume

Parship replies:

I was forced to purchase a newsstand copy of your scandal sheet to read Legume's vile attack on me. Notice that Legume refuses to refute any of the points made in my letter. Rather, she launches into a name-calling smear campaign (typical SPT tactics, of course). I demand an apology and retraction, not

so much for the snide remarks against myself, but against that much maligned vegetable, that symbol of all that's ever been right with our society, that bright beacon of our hopes against the darkness of reaction.

Legume Replies:

Retraction? Not on your life. I stand by everything I've written. If Parsnip wants to indulge in maudlin "poetic" images, let him try the pages of his local food co-op magazine. Food co-ops are riddled with his type, as we've noted from our campaigns for equal space for turnips. The pages of this paper should be reserved for serious political discussions only.

The Non-Jewish Jew by Isaac Deutscher

Isaac Deutscher's biographies of Trotsky and Stalin have won him worldwide respect. In his book *The Non-Jewish Jew and other essays* he writes of his vision of Jewish life, contemporary and traditional. The essays in this book discuss the "remnants of a race" after Hitler; the Jews under Stalin; of the Zionist ideal; the establishment of the state of Israel; the Israeli-Arab war of 1967; and the perils ahead—all with great insight, and with a style that appeals to both scholar and layperson.

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LIFE IN THE U.S.

By Joe E. Gutierrez

I GUESS IT BEGAN BECAUSE WE were angry. A multiplicity of Reagan-inspired events dominoed the labor movement into one ignominious heap of frustration and resentment.

Tuxedo unionism came back with a Brooks Brothers cut. The companies paid the bill and they're still laughing. Corporations paid little or no taxes, and the working stiff was working four months each year for the government. Wisconsin Steel shut down and U.S. Steel was playing games with South Works. Gary, Ind., was no longer the Steel City. Inland Steel was keeping East

came in the form of Jim Balanoff, past district director of District 31 United Steel Workers of America (USWA).

It was October 1982. Sitting in Steward's restaurant on Columbia Avenue, just after leaving a community services meeting at Riverside school, our conversation centered around political stagnation in Hammond. Balanoff looked around the table, growled a little bit and said, "You say you don't like politicians. Well, I'm tellin' ya, you damn well better become one because these are the guys that run this country."

That night Balanoff decided to run for the city council, second district. The transition from union politics to city politics was easy. But the decision to run was tough. Jim just came off a bitter

political advisor and precinct committeeman; and myself, Joe Gutierrez, chair of what became known as "Balanoff's campaign."

Jim's strategy was simple. Go to the people. If they're not registered, register them! If they don't want to be registered, convince them that they should be! We registered more than 700 people. Balanoff met almost every person in the second district. He constantly emphasized, "Government is for the people. But you gotta make it work and the only way to do that is by getting off your butt and doing something. There's a lot of people out there willing to work. They just need leadership. Once the guy on the street understands that he counts, he can make a difference in this crazy political spec-

didn't look good. Balanoff was losing. The administration candidate and the incumbent were cancelling each other out. Jim was nervous. All of a sudden things started to change. Six precincts to go. Then the radio blared Balanoff 792, Torres 836. Our figures showed Balanoff winning by a small margin. WJOB announced Torres the unofficial winner with all the precincts in. We had the complete totals and we still showed Balanoff the winner.

Then we got worried. Three of us raced to City Hall. Their chart showed Torres the winner with 836 votes. We wanted to see the flash cards. Finally a friend sent us to the mayor's headquarters. The place was wild with victory. I explained the discrepancy to the mayor's campaign manager. I told him Balanoff's the winner. He looked at me for a second, said maybe he could help and told me to remind Jim how much the administration helped him. We carried four or five precincts for him, he said. His friend took us out to his car. He had flash cards from all the precincts. We compared totals. Balanoff was the winner by 40 votes.

Back at the hall, Balanoff already had the good news. He called WJOB and told them they were reporting a mistake. They said thank you very much and kept announcing Torres as the unofficial winner. We went to the government complex in Crown Point at 10:00 that night. At 11:00 we were declared winner by the county election chairman. He said, "Our totals show you the winner in the second district, 855 for Balanoff, 817 for Torres. I don't know why the hell you want to get into politics. You must be crazy. Congratulations."

At 10:00 a.m. Torres announced that he was suing for a recount. Six weeks later the recount assured Balanoff the nomination but caused hard feelings and distrust. It's tough to lose, especially when a local radio station declares you a winner every hour on the hour, and then declares you a loser the next day with no explanation.

Anger can be a strong force. A large percentage of the Torres faction left the Democratic Party along with Torres and supported a Republican for mayor.

The Hammond Democratic machine accepted us with open arms. They were in trouble and they knew it.

Campaigning for the general election went into full swing about the first of October. The Grassroots Alliance with Balanoff backed the mayor. Democrats, we pushed a straight Democratic ticket. We were acutely aware of the damage inflicted on the poor people of this country by Republican policies. So was the Republican candidate for mayor of Hammond. He told many people that he was not a republican Republican. He told others that he was really a Democrat.

November 8 the polls opened at 6:00 a.m. Turnout was heavy. One of the old timers said this was a bad sign—the mayor was in trouble. I talked to some of the voters. They said, "Look at the condition of the streets and alleys." I said, "No, look at your utility bills. Why do you think they're so high? Indiana's Republican governor appointed the commission that set our utility rates and they've gone up 100 percent since 1976. That same governor came to Hammond campaigning for your not-republican Republican candidate."

They voted for him anyway. They wanted a change. I refused to believe that working people could vote for a Republican. For the first time in 26 years the city of Hammond had a Republican mayor. But Jim Balanoff was elected to the City Council.

GOP leaders at the local, state and national levels were ecstatic about their party's surprise victory over incumbent Mayor Edward Raskosky. But the voters aren't looking at party. They want new faces with new ideas. The Grassroots Alliance proved one thing. The machine can be beaten. But if the Democratic Party in this or any city thinks it's time to regroup and strengthen the old guard, they're making a mistake.

Joe E. Gutierrez is a grievance committeeman, Local 1010, United Steel Workers of America.

POLITICS



An angry man: Hammond, Ind., councilman Jim Balanoff.

The making of a city councilman

Chicago, Ind., alive and Hammond was surviving.

Hammond was going the way of every town USA. Shopping malls with their Disneyland appeal played Pied Piper, sucking the life out of the inner city. Times were tough for those of us who were working, devastating for those who weren't. And those who weren't were starting to organize.

Hammond has its share of unemployed, especially steelworkers. Pullman Standard closed. Standard Railway closed. Union halls became the meeting place for people wanting to do something, young and old. We were willing to work, but we needed direction. That

loss in his re-election bid for district director. A second defeat would be hard to take, not only for Balanoff but for everyone.

He knew that if he was going to run he had to win. Two days later Jim called the first of many meetings. The nucleus of his organization included: Cliff "Cowboy" Mezo; vice-president of Local 1010; Paul Litton, assistant griever, 1010; Mark Thomsen, griever, 1010; John Beckman and Dennis Terry, directors of the Hammond Community Center; Barbara Hendricks, vice-precinct committeewoman; Seymour Press, 70-year-old, far-from-retired activist in community affairs; Ben Darter, past-president of a steel local, our

trium. People do care, they're just tired of being taken for granted. Even the churches are taking a stand with the poor people of this country. They're starting to tell these corporations that they've got some responsibility to the towns that were built around their smoke stacks. Two or three generations of families work their entire lives in these coke plants and blast furnaces and now the companies want to go somewhere where labor is cheaper. And when they go, the town goes.

"Once we get elected I got a lot of ideas. The people of this district have a right to know how much money the city has, how much it spends and for what. I intend to give them that information. I'd like to see a more professional police force, maybe raise their schooling requirements. Of course their salaries would have to be raised. The fire department is undermanned. And every fire station should have a paramedic. We need more projects to keep kids busy and out of trouble. And the retirees, the forgotten people, they've got lots of needs that have to be addressed. All this takes money. We got to take a long hard look at our priorities as a city. And we've got to bring business back to the city. These aren't revolutionary ideas, they're just changes we need to make now. Hammond can change, but first we got to get elected!"

As the primary neared, there was a wave of excitement spurring everyone on to give a little more. Balanoff was walking from morning to night. He was endorsed by the Teachers Union; the firemen were on his side; the steelworkers from the different mills in the region joined the campaign. We organized a workers rally for Balanoff, hot dogs and beer, declaring, "Send a steelworker to the city council." It couldn't have been better. We were feeling pretty comfortable about the election. There were six candidates. The city administration was pushing one, but we still felt good.

A week after our big rally the guy we thought we had to beat had his affair at the same place we had ours, St. Casimer's on the north side. A couple of us who attended stopped feeling smug when we got there. We had used the smallest banquet room for our affair. This guy used them all, plus the gym. There had to be a thousand people. And they were eating good—pirogi, roast beef, chicken, lasagna. The band sounded like Jimmy Dorsey. Good thing we went—it brought us back to earth.

We planned a "blitz" Saturday before the election. More than 50 of us met at the Oil and Chemical Workers union hall and hit the district with pamphlets. There were 60-year-old women going door-to-door. We did 16 precincts in two and a half hours. Grassroots it was!

Election day we had workers at every precinct. Polls were open from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. The turnout was unpredictable. The voters were in and out a couple at a time. There never was a big surge.

At 6:00 p.m. everyone met at the union hall. The results were coming in slow. It

By Pat Aufderheide

Broadcast television programming has traditionally been the stumbling block of mass culture critics—it's hard to be insightful, or even witty, about the banality of banality. There has been a gap between the insider dope on TV that trade magazines provide and daily consumer-guide reviews, a gap that a few people such as Les Brown, Eric Barnouw, Michael Arlen and Raymond Williams valiantly tried to span.

As the dominance of broadcast television begins to falter and as the age of what *Channels of Communication* magazine calls Television II lumbers in, we're seeing a flourishing of critical studies, informed by an understanding of the production process and sensitive to the three-way social relations between the makers, advertisers and viewers—i.e., the American public.

Todd Gitlin's *Inside Prime-Time* may be the best book we get—certainly it's the best we have yet—on the business and culture of prime-time programming. It's more than a book about television; it's a study of American values and ideology. Finally, it's a warning about the consequences of "infotainment" on the democratic process. No jeremiads, though—this is an intricately researched study.

Gitlin is a sociologist at the University of California at Berkeley. He is also a social critic and a veteran of '60s political movements and the author of another carefully-worked-out analysis of media, *The Whole World is Watching: Mass Media in the Making and Unmaking of the New Left*. Here he brings an intellectual foundation that spans from Tocqueville and Walter Benjamin to the cheerfully crass world of prime-time TV.

When *Lou Grant* got pulled off the air amid charges and countercharges of political black-balling and advertiser influence, Gitlin began methodically asking a nagging question: how much does television's commercial success depend on its "fit" with social trends? What is, in other words, the relationship between what makes it on the air and what is in the air?

He asked executives and producers how a prime-time show got on the air. No one knew. They could talk about supply-and-demand, but in this business supply has to pre-guess demand. They could cite surveys, previews, ratings, scheduling strategies and other hedges against the unknown, but as executive Arnold Becker put it, they weren't reliable: "Either it doesn't make any difference what you do, or we don't know how to do it." Pleasantly assertive producers would smile and say, "If you figure it out, please let me know."

So Gitlin rolled up his sleeves and settled in to watch them work, focusing on the situations that most boldly tested television's link-up with society.

The fact that nobody can say how a show gets on the air is a symptom, and part of the explanation for, how things work. Anxiety makes people cautious, and it makes network people look for assurance. They trust a proven success, so they go for remakes of movie successes (*M*A*S*H*), spinoffs from successful programs (*Mary Tyler Moore*,

Rhoda) and "recombinant" programs (*St. Elsewhere* is "*Hill St. Blues* in a hospital").

The boys club.

They trust old friends, or even old enemies, over unknowns—and a well-known actor's face over someone who fits the part. It's a tiny, tight little world—one of Gitlin's sources estimates 200 people run the business—of white men who talk to each other, read the same clutch of periodicals and fantasize about their audience in the same "mythical farm" in "mythical Iowa." Contrary to popular wisdom, job security in these circles is excellent—many people "fail upward" or switch sides of the desk, but never leave the game.

These guys do not create programs. They negotiate them, package them, hammer them out. Decision-making in TV is always political, Gitlin argues, pre-

and economic topics through personal conflict. But network executives ceaselessly meddled in the series—through rewrites that tamed and whimsified the characters, through casting decisions that sabotaged the concept and through the scrubbing out of all psychological ambiguity (scrubbing out possible lawsuits at the same time).

Inside Prime-Time is full of stories about the collapse of the new into the predictable. It is nowhere clearer than in the movies of the week, where docudramas can tackle subjects too "hot" for series (a character can be killed off, for example). TV movies account for 20 percent of prime-time programming, and the three networks underwrite more movies each year than do all of the Hollywood studios.

This one-shot format is where you might expect to see the pulse of America on prime-time. The

show once, so they need a grabby hook, some way to attract viewers within a 10-second TV preview. And they need to conform to what Gitlin terms "television realism"—a combination of the cozily domestic with the sensational. (They didn't invent the elements of this style; television is a monster child of an American tradition in popular entertainment. Gitlin recalls such forms as the circus and vaudeville, which, like their descendant, go for immediate effect first and last. And he also cites the importance of the Romantic movement in stressing sentiment over social argument in popular art.)

Villains and victims.

So it's easy to see how complex social crises are shrunk down into narrow conflicts between villains and victims. When Gitlin takes us through the making of

It's a tiny, tight little world—one of Gitlin's sources estimates 200 people run the business—of white men who talk to each other, read the same periodicals and fantasize about their audience in "mythical Iowa."

cisely because it is manufactured rather than created. And the process pretty well guarantees that any new approach will get turned into something safely familiar.

The case of the short-lived (three episodes) series *The American Dream* bears him out. Producer Barney Rosenzweig wanted to develop a series about a middle-class white family that moves back into the inner city, a series that would touch on racial

subjects can come right off the headlines, like one movie about Love Canal; can dredge scandal, like *Friendly Fire*, about a family's discovery that their boy was killed in Vietnam by our forces; can address historical issues, like *Holocaust* and *Roots*.

But, Gitlin notes, "what stands out about most docudramas is how unexceptional they are." He finds fine industry logic for it. Movies of the week only

Bitter Harvest, you can see how, all innocently, programmers make social crisis into a martyr story. *Bitter Harvest* began with one writer's curiosity about PBB poisoning in Michigan, an accident that killed off most of Michigan's cattle and contaminated the human population. The movie ended up the story of one lone farmer battling the careless bureaucrats.

Opportunism is the funda-

mental characteristic you need to play in prime-time production, Gitlin keeps telling us, just as people keep telling him things like, "I leave my politics at home." But even so, some of the stories shock. Phobia of black and Jewish subjects is still there. According to industry wisdom, mustaches are to be avoided because they "read" Jewish.

When Gitlin researched the book, in the wake of the Reagan election, TV people were reacting to what they saw as a conservative mood. They scrambled to put on cop shows and to placate far-right groups, worried advertisers and businessmen hotly protesting their TV image.

But the shows, like *Today's FBI* and several attempts to make a Vietnam series, flopped and protests turned out to be more bluster than action. Instead, *Hill St. Blues*, with its unmistakably liberal air, turned out to be television's newest success.

Gitlin takes us through *Hill St.*'s unlikely development and even less likely survival to build its reputation. With the good news—talent can surface in the medium, innovation is possible—comes the bad news. The success of *Hill St.* also reveals the limits of prime-time. Like other shows, it is resolutely about personal heroism, not social action.

The hollow medium.

This is a devastating portrait of a hollow culture industry, done not in a condemnatory tone but in an investigative spirit. Television is so low-grade not because talent is in short supply (the insiders' excuse) or because the producers want to make dreck (the critics' exasperated judgment), but because it doesn't have to be any better. It already fulfills its mandate "to assemble maximum numbers of people in their living rooms and keep them minimally diverted." Everyone's just doing their job, and they mostly share a perspective—an upbeat, upscale vision of the good life.

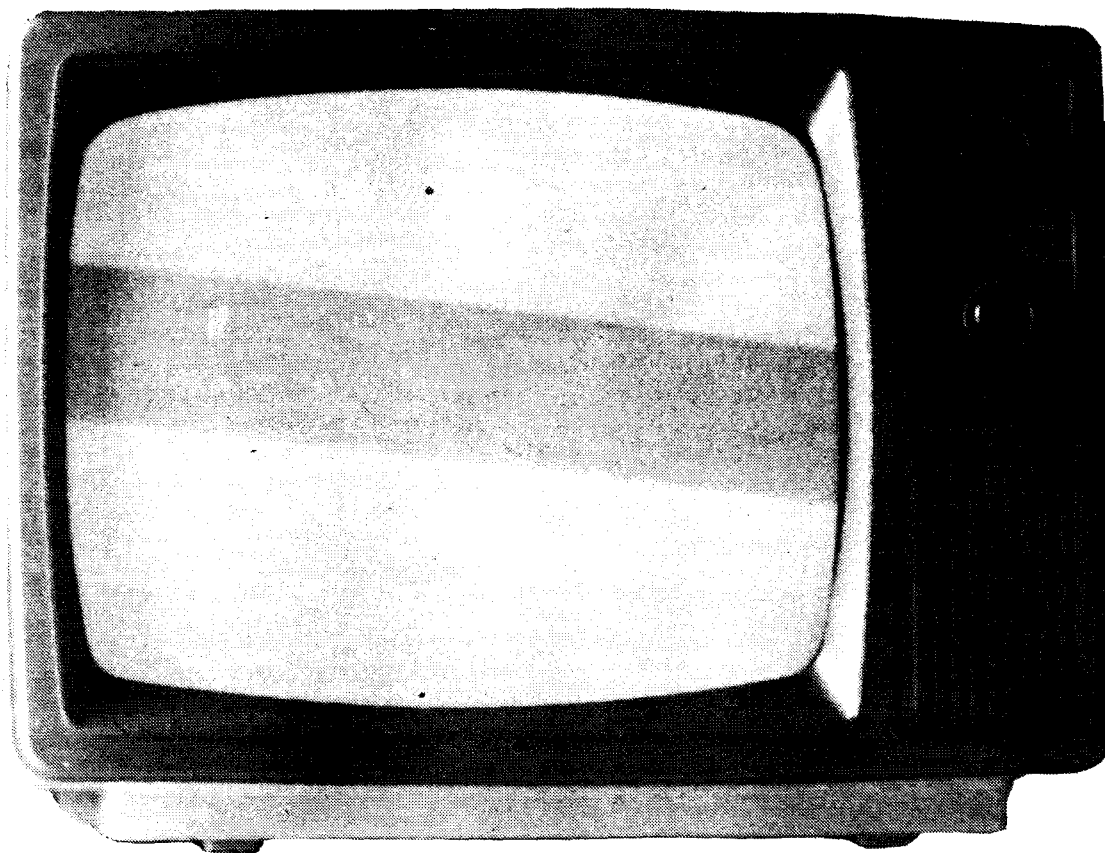
Gitlin is outraged by the way that TV has thus swollen to fill our informational space, becoming a "cultural center without vitality." A writer with sardonic wit, he carefully keeps it this side of snide. He can make you feel pity for the creative artists working in television, trapped in a contorted relationship with the culture their art feeds on. And he can also make you feel alarm for the future. Television II offers scant hope of enlivening that cultural core, since the same economic logic and values will govern the new technologies.

The vision of the world that television delivers is antipolitical, but its consequences are concretely political. This debased prime-time product doesn't just occupy space, but also prevents other, "more intelligent, complicated, true, beautiful or public-spirited," forms of popular culture from emerging. While prime-time encourages us to think of ourselves as ever-so-with-it consumers, we forget how to think and act as citizens.

The cheap inadequacies of prime-time and the ability of the great American dream machine to chew up and swallow alternatives makes it easy for most of us either to dismiss or scorn it. We are fortunate that someone like Gitlin stuck around long enough to tell us that bad art does matter, and to chart the ways that mediocre entertainment has real-world origins and consequences.

A version of this review first appeared in the *Village Voice*.

INPRINT



Paul Cornstock

MEDIA

Banality of banality—a backstage view of TV



THE SOUTH

The soul of good old boys

Fig. 15

Southern Honor: Ethics and Behavior in the Old South
By Bertram Wyatt-Brown
Oxford University Press,
581 pp., \$29.95

By Kim Lacy Rogers

They were often as volatile as the thunderstorms that drenched the landscape. The most attractive possessed a languid, seductive charm and an inclination for alcoholism and self-destructive personal risks. These were the young white men of small Southern towns, the boys Southern girls warily dated, and for whom we assumed a perfectly smooth feminine surface. A nice girl disclosed nothing to these men; you had to avoid getting got. As great-aunts, grandmothers and mothers warned: they are necessary to your happiness, but you cannot trust them.

The women, of course, were right. Beneath the lean, sensual athleticism of the most beautiful Southern jocks sometimes lay dormant desires for danger, conquest and blood. They gratified these appetites with contact sports ("Root, you hawks," the backfield coach used to tell his players) and with casual sexual conquests. The boys also engaged in the ritualized violence of fights, drinking, drag racing, hunting and the occasional terrorizing of blacks.

Many of the young men of my high school years headed for the military and Vietnam in the late '60s and early '70s. As fighter pilots, infantry captains and grunts, they expanded their rituals of young manhood in combat—and behaved as honorable Southern men.

They conformed to what has long been described as a distinctly regional form of masculine development. From William Faulkner's doomed romantics, trapped in primal "innocence," to the teenage alcoholics of Elizabeth Hardwick's *Sleepless Nights*, this kind of man has been understood in terms of impulse and ritual, risk and violence.

The right stuff.

This masculine ideal still flourishes. We see adult-variations in the form of astronauts, test pilots, evangelists, military officers—men with the "right stuff." The South has long supplied the military with numbers of officers and enlisted men far in excess of its population's representation in

other fields. As late as the early '70s, a majority of army officers still came from small Southern towns.

As a regional character, this kind of male might be dismissed as some sort of macho dinosaur, sure to vanish when the newest of the New Souths finally achieves a suburban sunbelt homogeneity in step with the rest of the country. But I doubt it. In life under Reagan, we are perhaps seeing a renaissance of heroic gentlemen bent on conquest, risk and the preservation of jingoistic gringo honor.

Bertram Wyatt-Brown's book, *Southern Honor: Ethics and Behavior in the Old South*, one of the most provocative essays on Southern history in recent years, addresses the character of Southern masculinity and its consequences for the Southern social order.

Wyatt-Brown's *Southern Honor* is a creative and interesting book, but many professional historians may object to it on standards of its criteria for analysis and proof. Wyatt-Brown has speculated a great deal on the basis of essentially literary evidence (meaning manuscript sources), and has generalized broad cultural patterns from tendencies he has pieced together from documents. His historical analogies are interesting, but strange. He finds antebellum Southerners exhibiting forms of frontier behavior that were rooted in their Celtic origins. But Wyatt-Brown sees this same behavior as similar to patterns of ritual violence common to Mediterranean cultures. Using several anthropological arguments, he has written a piece of historical analysis that replicates some of the weaknesses of anthropological description: his Old South appears to be a static civilization, frozen rather than changing.

Southern Honor works best when approached as a speculative essay, rather than as a monograph of assertion and proof. At its center is the figure of the Southern white man, an intensely physical, externally motivated hero who dominates a culture that grants him access to white women, children and blacks. The Southern gentleman—whether a planter, lawyer, farmer or gambler—has lived according to a code of honor, chivalry, hierarchy and entitlement.

At the heart of Wyatt-Brown's notion of honor lies the "evalua-

tion of the public." Honor is an inner conviction of self-worth that is based upon public judgment. Honor is reputation.

In the antebellum South, a more archaic culture of "honor and shame" persisted, long after a Calvinistic culture of "conscience and guilt" began to develop in the industrializing, urbanizing North. In the Northern states, individuals began to internalize notions of right and wrong and judge themselves accordingly. But in the South, community values and judgment determined individual self-esteem and success. The community exercised its right to judge through rituals like the charivari (pronounced "shivaree"), which involved the public shaming of an offender, as well as the more famous Southern community festivity of lynching.

Racism was intrinsic to white male honor. Thus, in the post-Reconstruction South, any economic, political or social advancements by blacks were "read" as threats to the sanctity of the white family. These threats were perceived and dealt with as fundamentally sexual in nature. Hence, the lynch mobs' penchant for castrating their black victims.

Families themselves assumed that masculine expression would often be violent, according to Wyatt-Brown. Parents were permissive about their sons' "childish aggression against peers and

Racism was assumed to be a problem of poor white folks. But history shows the "best white people" led the fight to preserve the segregationist status quo.

underlings." This permissiveness "encouraged egocentrism and violent self expression" in boys whose rites of passage took the forms of "fighting, horse racing, gambling, swearing, drinking and wenching."

The plantation society that sanctioned this kind of masculine behavior offered few alternative role models for young men. Planting and planter-related professions like law and medicine were the goals of most upper-class young men, and the economy afforded few of the alternative occupations that were available in the urbanized North.

Southern feminine honor.

What did this mean for relations between men and women in this hothouse of family and kin relations? Wyatt-Brown claims that "the encounter of antebellum Southern male and female was intense, competitive and almost antagonistic." Women had the power to "shame" men, to force them to live up to their frequently murderous and suicidal codes of honor. This was their "unconscious revenge" for being forced to live in the "multitude of negatives" that defined female honor—the restraint of "every thought, action and word." Feminine honor was based on a lack of disclosure, an eternal concealment of the self, an essential social dishonesty and deception.

Given these polarities of male violence and female abstinence, masculine licentiousness and white female purity—and the quality of honor as a public performance—Wyatt-Brown's analysis of Southern lynchings and community violence makes terrible sense.

The virtue of *Southern Honor* lies in Wyatt-Brown's analysis of Southern violence and extralegal civic rituals as products of the culture's ethic of masculinity instead of an aberration from codes of gentility and courtesy. As late as the 1950s and '60s, scholars liked to attribute the vitriolic rhetoric and racial violence of white segregationists to lower-class ignorance. Racism was assumed to be a problem of poor white folks, the ignorant crackers who needed to be educated into humanity. Many recent studies, both of Southern history and the Civil Rights movement, have disputed this line of wishful thinking. A number of writers—among them William Chafe and

Harry Ashmore—have analyzed the role of the "best white people" in leading segregationist groups and in attempting to maintain the segregated status quo.

But what Wyatt-Brown does so very well is to point out that it is the honorable Southern gentleman who was most likely to fight duels; to acquiesce to, if not lead, a lynching party or charivari; to ignore or abuse or condescend to the women around him. It is this brittle structure of masculinity that Wyatt-Brown describes as the flower and curse of Southern history: the terrible, damaging male ego, leaping into the world with daring, bravado and romantic abandon. Even the Civil War became a simple test of manhood.

At the center of masculine honor is, of course, romance. Wyatt-Brown's menfolk share the same love of risk, death and blood that have drawn national leaders into numerous genocidal frenzies in this century. But fundamentally, these Southerners are quite different from the more modern corporate merchants of disaster. As a pre-technological elite, the honorable Southerners and many of their Klannish descendants shared an essentially archaic and personalized notion of beauty—the chivalric and honorable ideal that makes the horror of their violence so much more appalling than the mechanistic aggression of the best and the brightest who brought us Vietnam and other massacres.

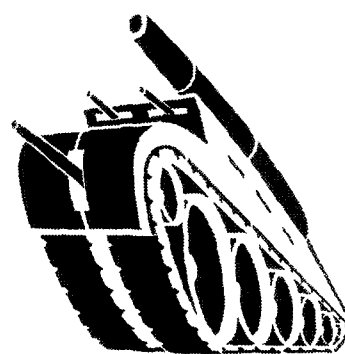
These chivalric, deluded Southerners were extreme forms of masculine development, but are no less extreme in their violence, self-absorption or emotional turbulence than are many of the men who have held high offices in our national government over the last several decades. As economic times get tougher, the forms of masculine virtue that flourish in our culture might well become harsher, more destructive, more indifferent to the costs of their actions. As Americans, we continue to be seduced by mannequins with money, riding boots, horsepower, *cujones*—good old boys who will trot the national standard abroad to continue their "honorable" adventures.

Kim Lacy Rogers, who grew up in Plant City, Fla., and teaches history at Dickinson College, is writing a book on the civil rights movement in New Orleans.

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Midnight Oil: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 (Columbia)

The U.S. debut of this Australian quintet marks the arrival and commercial support of an important band. And even though there are several tunes on this long album that could be marketed commercially, Midnight Oil's relentless infusion of politics into its music might make the selling of the group tough for Columbia



Records (remember how long it took to "break" the Clash, another act in the Columbia stable?)

Fronted by Peter Garrett, at nearly seven feet surely the tallest singer in rock'n'roll, Midnight Oil has fashioned a suavely produced disc with the drama of a countdown, the immediacy of a news bulletin.

Its 46 minutes feature 10 tunes that embrace styles as diverse as those of the Clash and Pink Floyd, and the songs—from the strangely personal "Scream in Blue" to the urgent "Somebody's Trying to Tell Me Something"—flow into one another effortlessly.

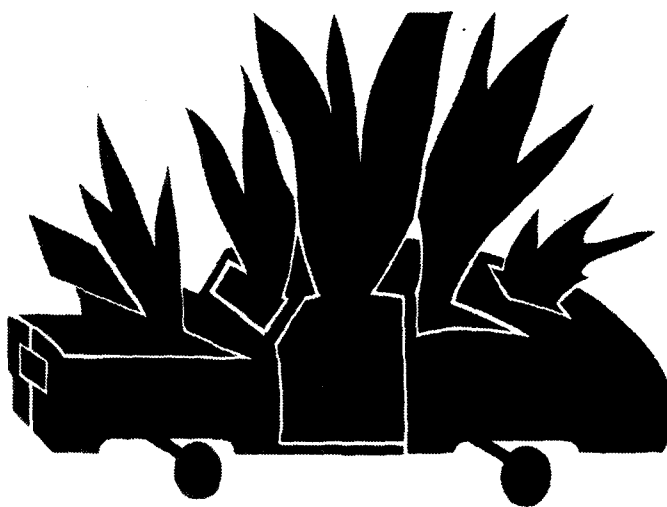
Topics include the environment ("Maralinga," which starts with striking, Duane Eddy-like guitar), brainwashing courtesy of the military-industrial complex (the eerily jaunty "Tin Legs and Tin Mines") and United States imperialism ("U.S. Forces").

And in "Only the Strong," a stentorian, beat-heavy plea for community, and "The Power and the Passion"—the first hard-rock tune in years to sport an interesting drum break—Midnight Oil has two potential hits.

The group has played many antinuclear benefits, has spoken out against U.S. companies' uranium mining in their native country and, generally, has tried to forge a political identity in a country whose rock bands are usually associated with such headbangers as AC/DC or popsmiths like Men at Work.

Midnight Oil is the first band

STOP THOSE SONGS



V-EFFECT

DISCUSSIONS

I've heard in some three years to tackle difficult political themes in music and lyrics that stress the power of the human will. Even though this album takes getting used to (Garrett's voice at times has a zealot's tinge), its musical ambitions and the sweep of its concerns signal a group with a long, problematic and rewarding future.

C.W.

V-Effect: Stop Those Songs (Rift)

What can you say about a three-piece ensemble who list their inspirations as the Sex Pistols, free jazz pioneer Ornette Coleman and Mao Tse-Tung's work *On Liberalism*, and who

sound as if they should also list the Talking Heads, early Bob Dylan and J.D. Salinger's work *Catcher in the Rye*? Strange. Ambitious. Earnest. Ground-breaking. Challenging yet catchy. And very interesting.

V-Effect welds the free-floating improvisation of experimental jazz with the furious frenzy of punk, thus erecting themselves a unique musical platform from which to analyze and agitate. Everything from workplace power dynamics to upper-middle-class consumer fetishes is under scrutiny in these stinging, strident and often clever songs. There is a bit of art-school precocious alienation at work here but there is

also a wide swath of sincerity and genuine musical and intellectual talent. Recorded in Zurich (where the band has been adopted by the radical youth movement), Brooklyn and at live shows in West Germany and Czechoslovakia, some of the cuts sound like archival recordings from the Weimar republic, but that seems to fit in with the other jumble of musical influences. Avant-garde but not tedious, political but not boring, V-Effect ought to be heard by the musically adventurous. *Rift Records, P.O. Box 839, New York, NY 10002.* —J.W.

Los Lobos: And a Time to Dance (Slash)

To Reagan and his ilk, the world's widespread love affair with American popular culture is a sign of the vitality and essential goodness of our economic system. But more discerning observers know it is actually a sign of the vitality of our multi-ethnic society—fruit of the countless cross-pollinations of ideas, traditions and passions between people of all shades and shapes. In fact, it's those who have gained least as a group under the current economic set-up—blacks, immigrants, poor rural whites, renegade kids—who've contributed the biggest chunks to our distinct national culture.

So I guess it makes a kind of ironic sense that in this year of official hysteria about Hispanic hordes swarming across the Rio Grande to eat us out of house

Continued on page 22

By Kathleen Hulser

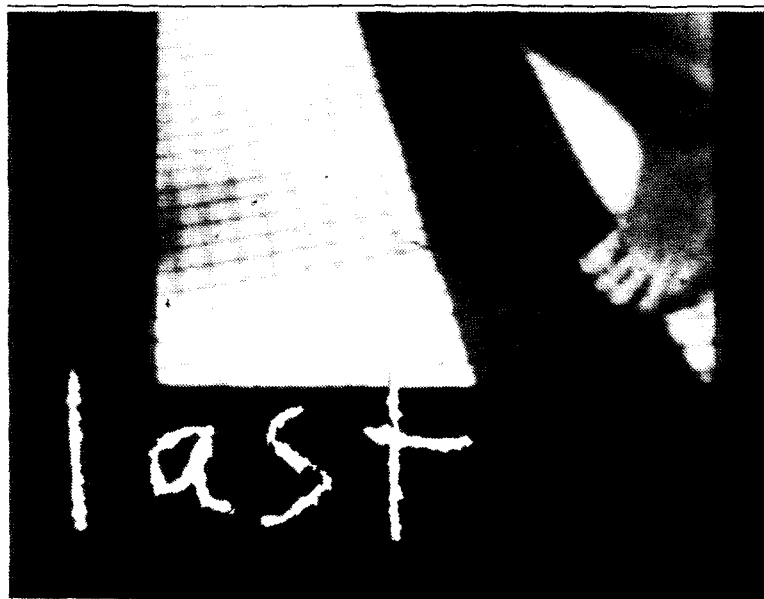
WOMEN'S FILM

With a modest movie coming safely home at \$10 million, Hollywood and its subsidiaries can't afford to risk money on unknowns and outsiders. So even though there's been much talk of improvement over the last decade, a crack at the big-time is still as rare for women directors as a pomegranate on a pine tree. But elsewhere things are changing.

The 10-year-old Women in Film (and video) organization held a national conference this fall to draft a constitution for its approximately 1,800 members. And when the Independent Feature Project (IFP), a group of autonomy-loving cineastes, gathered at its annual market in New York, you could count a fat 34 out of 80 features directed or produced by women—a far cry from the handful of women with completed flicks five years ago when the IFP began.

Even these healthy indications of feature film and TV production don't exhaust the recent evidence of women's celluloid activities. Operating out of lofts, workshops, living rooms and media arts centers, women also create many experimental works, poetic films and short documentaries. Most turn up in out-of-the-way places, like art institutes and film clubs. But once a year, the Women's Film Festival rounds up recent work for a week of cinema aimed at the adventurous.

The 1983 Festival, held in New York this fall, assembled a couple dozen films from five continents containing a multitude of perspectives. On view were political sci-fi, lesbian-feminist visual verses, dramatic shorts and intel-



Dream sequence: Su Friedrich's *GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM*

A cutting room of one's own

lectual polemics.

Perhaps the most important aspect of such a festival is a dual opportunity for the public to encounter the individual voice of the filmmaker both in the images of her film and in person from the podium. In Su Friedrich's *Gently Down the Stream* personal vision is paramount. Culling 14 dreams from her diaries, the filmmaker invents a visual equivalent for each and then laboriously scratches a brief narrative by hand on every frame of the silent film—an homage to the handiwork of women. Though

her subjects range from a toppled madonna to veiled threats in the street, the tone is consistent, portraying a dreamscape where society's conflicts step on stage in muted, mysterious forms.

Another short film that speaks in the first person personal is *Killing Time*, a whimsical suicide portrait. Black filmmaker Fronza Woods adopts a musing interior monologue for her gently shocking narrator who putters around her apartment, taking care that she will be well-groomed and well-dressed for this, "the most important event in my life." Ra-

tioning out her ironies like a Solomon, she calmly leads us from one bleak revelation to the next.

The time barrier.

Killing Time lasts only nine minutes, and that's one reason it needs a showcase such as the Women's Film Festival. Especially for women, length is a function of resources. For example, the sophisticated theme, style, decors and dialogue of Julie Dash's *Illusions* demands a feature format.

Format restrictions notwithstanding, *Illusions* deals provocatively with a black movie executive who passes for white during a World War II talent shortage. All too soon the protagonist realizes that she must force the issue or be destroyed. The moment of truth arrives when a black singer comes to the studio to dub the voice of a screechy (white) contract actress. In helping the shy singer, the executive blows her cover.

Forced sterilization in Puerto Rico is the subject of Ana Maria Garcia's *La Operacion*. Rapidly paced to the point of eliciting audience gasps during repeated shots of abdominal incisions, the film handles its 50-minute format admirably. While some feminists disliked Garcia's implicitly pro-natalist outlook—there's but paltry mention of other forms of birth control—the film's marshalling of facts and a snappy tone won an appreciative audience.

The international contributions to the women's festival ranged from *On Guard*, an Australian radical feminist TV show, to *Hearts and Guts*, a surrealist Brazilian drama in a convent school. Standing head and shoulders above the rest was an Eng-

lish experimental film *Bred and Born*. It blends the feminist tradition of intimate concerns with the feminist penchant for documentary, finding a new form to suit its subject. Starting from the view that the renowned sociological tract *Family and Kinship in East London* missed the point, the film follows actual mothers and daughters from that area, demonstrating that even in these times, intergenerational advice still shapes the minds and mores of both groups.

Despite its inordinate talkativeness—much of the film dwells on oral history and anecdotes—*Bred and Born* achieves a beautiful tone. In one lovely story a venerable granny tells her children the well-worn tale of her wedding. The cameras, meanwhile, shoot out the front of a red two-decker bus slowly winding its way from the granddaughter's house to her gran's flat nine miles away. This expressive scene is enough to revive anyone's faith in documentary as a form that can penetrate the human heart.

The realities of distribution, unfortunately, guarantee that most of these films won't turn up in many local moviehouses. Until the time exhibitors and distributors take a fancy to the unusual, events like the Women's Film Festival are a necessary supplement to our cultural diet.

Most of the films mentioned can be obtained through either Second Decade Films (P.O. Box 1482, New York, NY 10009, [212] 222-1185), or The Black Filmmaker Foundation (WNYC, One Centre St., New York, NY 10007, [212] 619-2480).

Kathleen Hulser edits *The Independent*, a film and video monthly.

Critics

Continued from page 13
ers to the news.

In my own professional circuit, three books stood out. One was Edward Said's *The World, the Text and the Critic*. Besides being one of the few who assert the rights of Arabs to a culture, Said is a provocative scholar of English literature. This collection of essays he wrote over the past 12 years may even have more intellectual substance—and is certainly better researched—than his Mid-east-related work. It breaks out of lit-crit's academic cage, in the process showing the artifice of the cage's construction. The essays in Italian poet-critic Eugenio Montale's *The Second Life of Art* deserve reading and rereading. We are lucky to have, finally, his careful, acerbic, humane essays on the meaning of art in society anthologized in English. And Todd Gitlin's sociological study of prime-time TV programming, *Inside Prime-Time* indicts TV without any kneejerkism whatsoever. It also makes an excellent case for why and how bad art affects the tenor of political and social life.

Jay Walljasper

Besides my yearly ritual re-reading of *The Great Gatsby* and a plunge into the out-of-print novels of Floyd Dell (who was portrayed as one of John Reed's drinking buddies in *Reds*; and in reality was an important figure in both literary and socialist circles in the pre-Depression years), the most memorable book of 1983 for me was Nelson Algren's *Chicago: City on the Make*. Originally published in 1951 and reissued this year, *Chicago* is a love-hate tribute to Algren's hometown. Part memoir, part travelog and mainly poem posing as prose, the work chronicles not the big buildings and stellar

stores that tourists flock to, but the teeming taverns, seething six-flats and fetid factories of the everyday people. As Algren noted:

It isn't hard to love a town for its greater and lesser towers, its pleasant parks or its flashing ballet. Or for its broad and bending boulevards, where the continuous headlights follow, one dark driver after the next, one swift car after another, all night, all night and all night. But you never truly love it till you can love its alleys too.

Emily Young

Many notable feminist books have crossed my desk this year but Kim Chernin's little-publicized book, *In My Mother's House*, stands out as a rich example of autobiography, biography, fiction and oral history. Kim's mother, Rose Chernin, immigrated to the U.S. from Russia in the '20s and spent 50 years in the Communist Party as a prominent organizer. Kim, after abandoning left politics at an early age, became a writer. (Her first book is *The Obsession: Reflections on the Tyranny of Slenderness*.) After a 25-year split between them, Kim's mother asked her to write down her life's story. Kim does so but tells her own story in the process.

This book is interesting on different levels. It is a simple story of reconciliation between mother and daughter. It is a slice of recent American history. But, most important, it is Kim Chernin's story of growing up with Communist parents, whose politics were imposed on her. Her childhood is spent in fear of abandonment during the '50s as her mother is repeatedly hauled off to jail. Her adolescence is spent rebelling against the "accepted" Communist youth organizations of her mother's world. And finally, after a trip to Russia at age 17, in 1957, she becomes disillusioned with Communism and rejects political life altogether.

This is one of the first works I've seen that deals directly with the question of

what it means to grow up with actively Communist parents. For Kim it meant being handed down a "politics" that rigidly defined not only a value system but a worldview. It also meant 20 years of redefining her own relationship to the world.

Daniel Lazare

I've read only a few of the books that were published this year, but there are two that I can unhesitatingly recommend. One is Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton's *The Rosenberg File*. This book has caused consternation throughout the left because it argues that Julius and Ethel were simultaneously spies and victims of McCarthyism, in that the information they "stole" (i.e., appropriated) was of minor corroborative value and intended for a wartime ally. Hence, the death penalty was completely unwarranted except as a message to the Soviet Union and the left in general that the U.S. was determined to crack down on espionage and subversion. I can understand why a few lingering supporters of the Communist Party would find Radosh and Milton's view offensive, since they still cling to the Popular Front fiction that "Communism equals 20th-century Americanism." Anyone who has read the Communist Manifesto should see the nonsense in that. More surprising, however, have been the unthinking denunciations by the anti-Stalinist left (the *Militant*, *Workers Vanguard*, etc.). What is so terrible about suggesting that the Rosenbergs were doing their bit to aid the Soviet workers state? Radosh and Milton do engage in right-wing criticisms of the Rosenbergs and the Communists, but while reprehensible, it is certainly not surprising. The substance of their argument still stands. Would there be this type of uproar if someone had written a history of the nonsensical, anti-genetic theories of Stalin's favorite agronomist, T.D. Lysenko (who preached the doctrine of the inevitability of acquired characteristics) and had also dropped a few anti-Communist comments along the way? I doubt it.

The other book is *Zionism in the Age of the Dictators* by Lenni Brenner, a comprehensive and, as far as I can tell, scrupulously researched polemic against Jewish nationalism. Brenner's point is that in its rejection of Jewish assimilationism, Zionism frequently finds itself in common cause with various anti-Semites who would also like to see the Jews get out of their country. In 1903, for instance, Theodor Herzl entered into negotiations with two Czarist ministers, Count Sergei Witte and Vyacheslav von Plevhe, in hopes of winning their support. Von Plevhe, who had organized an anti-Jewish pogrom earlier that year, replied that he, too, would like to see the Jews out of Russia, but asked Herzl first to do what he could to discourage the anti-Czarist agitation of certain Jewish socialists. Herzl obliged. Similarly, for much of the '30s, the German S.S. pursued a frankly pro-Zionist policy, both as a way of disarming its Jewish opponents at home and abroad and of solving "the Jewish problem" once and for all. For anyone who wishes to understand how the present garrison state and American outpost in the Midwest came to be, Brenner's book is extremely helpful.

Morris Dickstein

The other day at a party, I heard someone talking about a book that was "not just good, but great." The woman was referring to Cynthia Ozick's recent novel *The Cannibal Galaxy*, and I could understand the force of her admiration. The book is imagined and written with the kind of fierce intensity Ozick brings to all her work. It deals with unusual and neglected subjects: the difference between talent and genius; the temptation to compromise and mediocrity that besets the life of the mind; the aims of education and the spendthrift emotional investment parents make in their children's gifts. The first 40 pages of the novel are a dazzling tour de force; a miniature Holocaust novel set in Nazi-occupied France, com-

posed as a mere prelude to the more mundane experiences of a survivor in postwar America. The book itself is concerned with what it means to be good or great, and the astonishing verve of this section is almost enough to justify extravagant praise.

Unfortunately, *The Cannibal Galaxy* doesn't end here. Joseph Brill, once a gifted astronomer in France, must settle into the maddeningly ordinary life of a school principal in the Midwest. The novel concentrates on his relation to a tongue-tied young student, Beulah Lilt, and her supposedly brilliant mother Hester, who is some kind of oracular theorist of language and, evidently, the author's own idealized self-image. Like the daughter, like most characters burdened with too much private meaning, Hester Lilt never really comes into focus. We hear her sybilline voice mostly on the telephone, sounding gnomish yet vaguely accusatory. Meant to be profound, she sounds merely superior—less a character than an instrument to cut Joseph down to size. Her genius, like her daughter's, is something the author asks us to take on faith. The book seems arbitrarily arranged to confirm her devastating view of Joseph as a man who "stopped too soon" and betrayed his promise. With her finger on the scales, Ozick turns a complex portrait into an unconvincing put-down. Joseph becomes another of Ozick's case studies in intellectual pride and secular idolatry. Holding him up to withering scorn, Hester Lilt is as arrogant and judgmental as he is. Yet she remains mysteriously exempt from the author's disapproval. What could have been a great novel is reduced in the end to a fictionalized personal vendetta.

James H. Evans & Jack Epstein

Bitter Fruit (Stephen Schlesinger and Stephen Kinzer), an account of the U.S.-engineered 1954 coup against progressive Guatemalan President Jacobo Arbenz, and *The Bay of Pigs* (Peter Wyden) are essential reading for a better understanding of how the U.S. vis a vis the CIA operates in the region. Even more important, both books are meticulously documented exposes of U.S. folly with descriptions of CIA dirty tricks that bear striking similarities to the present situation in Nicaragua. As a fictionalized companion, we would highly recommend *El Presidente* by Guatemala's Nobel prize winner, Miguel Angel Asturias. Like the Colombian Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Angel Asturias knows and describes his country like no other native author. The narrative of this book, however, of a corrupt and cruel leader could be anywhere and anytime in Central America.

CALENDAR

Use the calendar to announce conferences, lectures, films, events, etc. The cost is **\$20.00 for one insertion, \$30.00 for two insertions** and **\$15.00 for each additional insertion**, for copy of 50 words or less (additional words are 50¢ each). Payment must accompany your announcement, and should be sent to the attention of **Beth Maschinot**.

NEW YORK, NY

December 29 & 30

"Changing America, Changing the World: Radical Alternatives for the 1980s." Join Barbara Ehrenreich, Michael Harrington, Frances Fox Piven, Manning Marable, Irving Howe, Stanley Aronowitz, Bogdan Denitch and Janet Shenk for an education and strategy conference for progressive youth. District Council 37 AFS-CME, 125 Barclay St. (Wall St. area, lower Manhattan), 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m., \$15. Info: DSA Youth Section, 853 Broadway, #801, New York, NY 10003. (212) 260-1078.

ORONO, ME

July 28-31, 1984

International Institute on Social Work in Rural Areas. Proposals for presentations are being sought dealing with rural reformers and rural struggles, for social and economic justice; impact of state and federal budget cuts; effects of sexism, racism, ageism and ethno-centrism on rural people, etc. For information contact Bill Whitaker, 211 East Annex, Orono, Maine 04469. (207) 581-2384 or (207) 581-2380. Proposals are due by March 1, 1984.

Discs

Continued from page 21

and job, one of the very best debut records should come from a Mexican-American R&B quartet. Starting with a solid base of blues and rock rhythms, Los Lobos add bouncy South-of-the-border flourishes and wind up with an amazing amalgam of music. Sizzling barroom saxophone co-exists with wedding hall accordian. Fifties-style jump-blues and rockabilly numbers stand alongside traditional northern Mexican polkas. And every bit of it is infused with feeling.

The polka "Anselma"—the ominous tale of a bossman willing to do anything within his means, which are considerable, to derail the marriage of a poor woman he loves—is a pointed portrait of power, while many of the original tunes such as "Let's Say Goodnight" and "How Much Can I Do" are smart, unsentimental looks at modern romance. Because Los Lobos have beat around the barrio in L.A. for a full decade before "discovery," their musicianship and songwriting ability is sharpened to a flawless point.

—J.W.

Malvina Reynolds and others:

We Won't Move (Folkways)

We Won't Move—a collection of tenants songs—hits close to home. Its 13 songs capture some of the passion and sorrow, humor and determination of tenants' struggles during the last four centuries.

Produced by Mike Rawson and Rob Rosenthal of FUSE Music, the album covers a spectrum of historical periods from 1550 to the present, and concerns differing aspects of the renters' plight, such as mass evictions, rent strikes, sharecropping, urban renewal, racism and age discrimination.

Clearly, much research went into selecting songs for this collection, but the album is more than a political-historical tract; it is downright fun. Musically diverse, the record has a folk tone, with a

lot of blues and a touch of bluegrass.

The songs are performed mainly by musicians who are involved with tenant groups around the U.S., but the musicianship and singing are first rate. There are several great renditions of these unique songs, especially on the blues numbers, and some have a real bite (Landlord: "Just a slimy old reptilian, worth a cool 11 million.")

—K.W.

Duke Robillard and the Pleasure Kings (Rounder)

After leading the delightful East Coast jump-blues band Roomful of Blues for 10 years, Duke Robillard has struck out on his own, delivering a snazzy, close-to-the-bone package of blues on his solo debut.

On his debut, which features a supremely stark cover photo only his mother could love, Robillard has dipped into various styles, from the Texas blues of "Baby Please Come Home," to the Bobby Blue Bland stylings of "My Plea" and the straight rock of "If This Is Love."

Recorded in Boston with bass player Thomas Enright and drummer Tom DeQuattro, this album showcases wonderful guitar—sarmy Hawaiian smears on "My Plea" and fingerpicking on "Tore Up," alternated with delicate, echoed chording.

Even though this album is steeped in the blues and demonstrates Robillard's mastery of the idiom, it's basically blues on the way to rock. More often than not, Robillard's voice is reminiscent of John Fogerty, the sorely missed chief of Creedence Clearwater Revival.

When Robillard led Roomful, the band was known as the premier party blues band in the East. Now that he's on his own, it may be hard for him to expand his audience beyond that cult.

But he has released one of two fine blues-based albums of 1983 by a white artist (the other: *Texas Flood* by Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble) and, if there's any justice, the well-schooled, incorrigibly gritty Duke Robillard will be heard.

—C.W.

Contributors: Jay Walljasper, Kim Williamson, Carlo Wolff.

Exiles

Continued from page 24
own agendas.

"Those on the left, when they support it all, tend to see the movement as a workers' revolution. Polish-Americans from earlier generations of immigration view it sentimentally as a national uprising against the Russians. The American right has chosen to see the Polish opposition as a struggle against Communism and a useful ally in the Cold War.

"Labor unions here praise Solidarity as an independent workers organization. Feminists have pointed with some admiration to the role women have played in the movement. Even environmentalists who followed the movement's progress have called attention to Solidarity's campaigns in Cracow to publish information about the tremendous damage caused by heavy industrial pollution in the area.

"These different points of view reflect serious divisions in American political opinion," adds Lasota, "but they're fine as far as we're concerned. Solidarity is indeed more than a trade union or a campaign for free political expression. It was and continues to be an umbrella organization seeking to cover an enormous range of national aspirations among Poles."

Lasota argues that intellectuals from the opposition in exile play a secondary role. "We should make every effort to find out what is going on inside Poland and try to analyze it and understand it. Our crucial responsibility is to transmit an accurate picture of Polish politics to people in the West."

But while those intellectuals may have an important role to play, they have not always had a easy time resettling in the U.S. The Polish government has shown no signs of welcoming back the exiles, so most are expecting their stay in the U.S. to be permanent.

The intellectuals are not different from most Poles in that they had remarkably unrealistic expectations of what life would be like in the U.S. Often they expected to just walk into tenured positions at some of the better American universities. Some were devastated when that didn't happen.

While actors may be working as cab drivers or waiters and writers are confined by their language to the conservative Polish New York daily *Novy Dziennik*, visual artists from Poland have had a far greater impact on American audiences. Polish artists and illustrators have become regular contributors to such periodicals as *Harper's*, *Texas Monthly*, the *Boston Globe* and the *New York Times*. Not long ago the cover of the *New York Times* magazine was drawn by Rafala Olbinski, whose legendary poster for Andrzej Wajda's film *Man of Iron* has been

reproduced around the world. And Andrzej Dudzinski's haunting drawings on the op-ed page of the *New York Times* have brought a new dimension to the West's understanding of Polish politics. His white line drawings on black backgrounds carry on the surrealist tradition of portraying agents of domination on a monstrous scale.

Workers find work.

Ironically, it may be workers themselves who have recently been released from prison in Poland who have the fewest problems of adaptation to the new land. Of the 600 members of Solidarity interned under martial law who arrived in the West under special visas, Barbara Nagurski of the International Rescue Committee has helped settle almost 70. Most of the refugees she worked with were skilled workers with no university education.

"These workers were different from other working-class immigrants to this country from Poland in that they did not want to leave at first. But upon their release from prison in Poland they were faced with the prospect of no job and a ban on all political activity. Naturally many left when visas became available. Some of their skills were immediately marketable and they found jobs that did not require much knowledge of English.

"Among the former internees bricklayers and machinists have been the most fortunate," Nagurski notes. "In fact,

IN THESE TIMES DEC. 21-JAN. 10, 1984 23 they've done quite well financially already and have been able to support themselves and their families. But as in any exile situation, they have lost contact with friends and relatives at home. The isolation leads many of them to congregate in Polish enclaves such as Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where Polish is spoken on the street and an immigrant can survive without ever learning English."

"Most of the former internees who settled in Greenpoint were those who had never been abroad before and who spoke no English at all," says Maciek Kwiatkowski, a gregarious former press spokesman for the Solidarity committee of Lot Polish Airlines. Kwiatkowski wound up in prison two days after martial law was declared and was released in the amnesty of April 1982. Since arriving in New York a year ago he has found work as a cargo field manager at Kennedy airport for TWA. He's the first to admit that his luck has been good.

"I spoke English and had lived abroad as part of my job as public relations manager for the airline. I also knew that the adaptation would be much harder in the long run if I went to a Polish ghetto like Greenpoint. All of us are going to have to recognize that immigration is a one-way relationship. America doesn't have to adjust to our presence—we have to adjust to America."

David D'Arcy is producing a radio program on Polish exiles for WBAI radio in New York.

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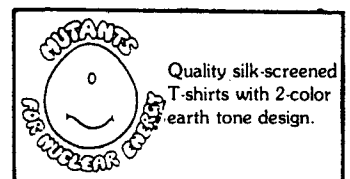
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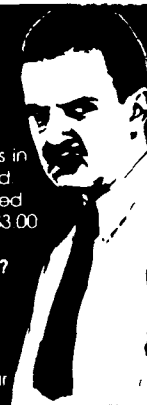
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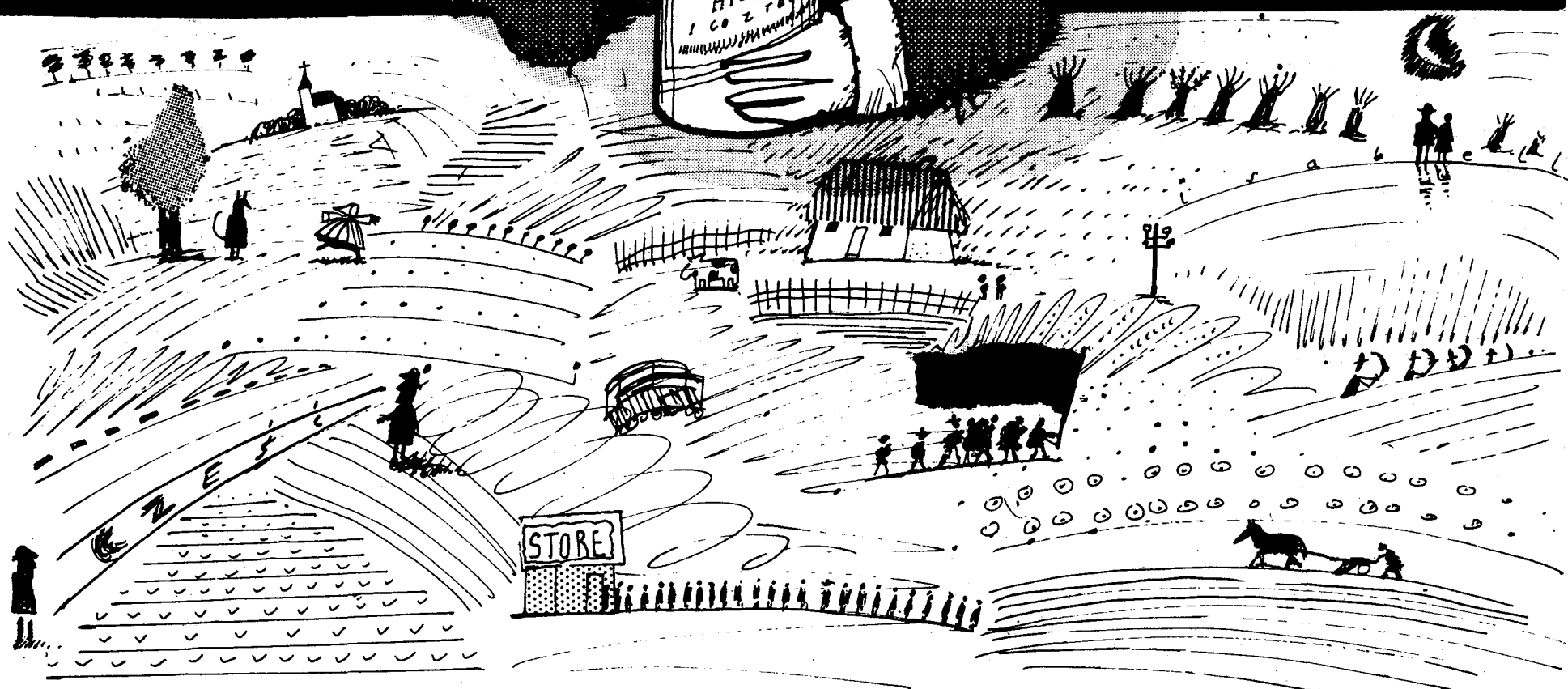
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STORY: DAVID D'ARCY



TWO YEARS AGO LAST WEEK, Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski invoked a special provision of the Polish constitution that enabled the government to declare a "state of war" and impose martial law. "Our country is on the edge of the abyss," he said. "Strikes, strike alerts, protests have become standard. Even students are dragged into it. There are more and more examples of terror, threats, moral mob trials and direct coercion."

In the few years before martial law, more than 250,000 Poles left their country for Western Europe, the U.S. and Australia. And, since December 1981, a slow trickle of refugees has found its way to this country. For some of them, the relocation has been a minor effort, for others it has meant enormous difficulties.

Sava Malachowski came to this country before the imposition of martial law. In 1974 he was forced to leave the Department of History of Warsaw Univer-

sity where he was studying because of his opposition to the Polish government's efforts to abolish independent student organizations that had been active in Polish academic life. Malachowski had also participated in the organization of an "unofficial" university, which organized seminars in private homes.

These days Malachowski can be found in Polish Books and Arts, a tiny bookstore that he opened several weeks ago with Andrzej Urbanowicz, a painter recently arrived from Poland. One enters the small store, located in the middle of a Polish-American block in New York's East Village, by walking downstairs and through a dark corridor, into a well-appointed brightly lit room designed to accommodate more readers than the store has so far been able to attract.

Yet at a time when American booksellers are developing ulcers and shutting down for sheer lack of clients and profits, Malachowski has few worries about the economic viability of his enterprise. "Right now it's difficult for Poles in Poland to get books," he says. Any works of literature, poetry or documentation on Solidarity will be bought up immediately, and the price for a single book can

easily go as high as 4,000 zlotys, or half the average monthly wage."

"Not all books are going to sell like that," says Malachowski. "For example, copies of works by Marx and Lenin are piled to the ceilings of bookstores, the way copies of Brezhnev's autobiography are in the Soviet Union, but underground book fairs outside of Warsaw that are organized like flea markets just can't get enough copies of things people want to read. That includes literature officially published in Poland now in short supply because of a paper shortage, books smuggled across the borders from the West and illegal publications printed and distributed by the underground."

Malachowski sells books published by Zapis and Kultura, the principal publishing house of the Polish cultural diaspora. Besides providing Poles in the U.S. with material about their country in their native language, he and Urbanowicz have two goals in mind; earnings from the store's sales will provide more money for Zapis and Kultura to publish more books in Western Europe, which the publishers will then either give away or pay someone to smuggle across the border into Poland. Also Malachowski plans to use some of

the profits to finance the translation of works by authors who are unknown in Poland outside of highly specialized technical and academic circles. Among these authors are the free market economist Friedrich von Hayek and Arthur Bliss Lane, the former U.S. ambassador to Warsaw, who wrote *I Saw Poland Betrayed*, an eye-witness account of the seizure of power by the pro-Soviet Polish United Workers Party in the years following World War II.

The interest of Polish refugees and presumably Poles in books such as these reflects the surprising breadth of political opinion among Polish people in the U.S., and ought also to give pause to those on the American left who are quick to identify Solidarity members and other supporters of an independent Polish labor movement with socialism.

"But the identification of Solidarity with socialism in certain circles is to be expected," says Irena Lasota, a former student activist in Poland now living in New York and working with an exile committee. "Solidarity has been a political roschach blot in the West. When different groups examine it they tend to see their

Continued on page 23

While not letting go of the politics and culture of Poland, exiles from martial law are struggling to pick up American ways of doing things.